JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 9, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1221.
Vol. XLVI.

How did you wash this jumper?

"I CHOSE the safest way. I used Rinso. You cannot be too careful with things that might lose their shape, and, of course, there's no pulling or rubbing necessary with Rinso. No, I didn't give it very long; just a half-hour while I was doing something else. It's amazing how much time you save this way."

The Rinso way of washing is the modern way, the way of science. The pure Rinso granules dissolve easily in water, and foam into a cleansing solution which works through the fibres of the cloth, loosening the dirt without the necessity of rubbing. Rinsing then floats the dirt off and carries it away. There are no acids, no harsh chemicals in Rinso to harm clothes or hands. Rinso can be safely used cold or hot or boiling.

GIVE GENEROUSLY FOR YOUR POPPY

NOV 11th REMEMBRANCE DAY

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FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

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DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies from the Largest Warehouse. Stocks of Hosiery, Remnants, Readymades, etc. Large Catalogue Free. —H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester.

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SEND 20/- for sample parcel Flannel Shirtings. Long lengths.—Brittawell's, Flannel Manufacturers, Union Bank Yard, Huddersfield.

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WALLPAPERS.—Great Clearance of 1929 designs at reduced prices. Write for mammoth pattern book post free.—BLAKEY, MORRIS & CO. (LONDON), LTD., DEPT. J., 32, LONDON ROAD, SOUTHWARK, LONDON.

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Fifty Fashion Patterns and Style book are offered in the CATESBY Tailoring advt. on page 8. Send coupon.

READERS' attention is drawn to the SPAN BRACE advt. on page 14.

Fifty-Fifth Catalogue No. 240 is offered in the CRANE PIANO advt. on page 18.

FREE CASH PRIZE Competition appears in the PACKARD PEN advt. on page 16.

WRITE for free catalogue of BROWN'S famous WIRELESS CONSTRUCTOR'S SET, LOUD SPEAKER, etc., whose advt. is on page 36. Mention *John Bull*

FREE. Send at once for the beautiful Fine Art Colourgravure Picture offered for the first time to *John Bull* readers. Simply send coupon in the advt. on page 35.

A FILE Booklet is offered by the proprietors of HARD-AZ-IAN TROUSERS on page 26.

THE new C.A.V. RADIO ACCUMULATOR CATALOGUE & BATTERY MAINTENANCE HANDBOOK is offered free to *John Bull* readers in the advt. on the Back Cover.

CAN YOU SPOT A BARGAIN? "John Bull" readers are offered a complete suit for 25/- only. For full partics. see page 3.

Musical Magnificence!

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18 MONTHS' CREDIT
NEW AUTO-STOP
19 NEW MODELS
Guaranteed 12 Months

Model No. 19.

Mighty volume blended with unusually natural purity, giving every recorded note its proper emphasis, totally free from all distortion, is the keynote of the unprecedented success of the new Fullotone instruments. And they are now so easily purchased—the new "No deposit, 18 months' credit" policy means that YOUR FIRST SMALL INSTALMENT OF A FEW SHILLINGS BRINGS YOU CARRIAGE PAID THE MODEL OF YOUR CHOICE. The new Automatic Stop is a marvel of ingenuity and has delighted thousands of proud owners. Remember Fullotone is British throughout, sold direct from factory to home, thus saving the enormous profits of all middlemen. Fullotone really is a tip-top instrument, worth easily twice its cost!

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Artistic Jacobean Cabinet in SOLID OAK, 33 inches high, complete with new automatic stop. Fullotone all-metal Sound Chamber, powerful COLLARO Motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox, and new turn-over tone-arm. Produces enormous volume, with unusual life-like purity. Compartment to hold 100 records.

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EAST HAM—140, High St. MANCHESTER—30, Oxford Rd.
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YOUR NEW OVERCOAT. Why not be tailored by post by Wallingford's (of Oxford St.), Ltd., and pay whilst you wear? You get the best cloth, the best service, and the easiest of terms Call or write for new patterns, self-measurement chart and full particulars.—Wallingfords (of Oxford St.), Ltd (Dept. W.2), 125, Edgware Road, London, W.2.

SHEFFIELD-MADE "Pixie" Razor Blades. 1/- per dozen. Good terms to buying agents. —Dronfield Tool Co., Dronfield, Sheffield.

IF you are thinking of buying a Gramophone, do not overlook the FULLOTONE advt. on this page. A free Coloured Catalogue is offered. Other GRAMOPHONE offers are made by O'BRIEN (p. 37), ROBEY (p. 39), GRAVES (p. 14), MEAD (p. 13).

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BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE 30/-. 75 guaranteed garments. (No tapes, pins or useless pieces.) Cosy, Warm and Excellent home-made Gowns, Flannels, large Napkins, Wool Coats, Shawls, Vests, etc. Accept verdict of all purchasers. 1,000 true testimonials. Purchase from a mother, 15 years' experience. Call or send 2/ for parcel on appro. (Cash or terms.) Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE. 30/-. 29 home-made pieces. Everything from Chris. Robes to Napkins. Recent purchaser writes: "Finest bargain I have bought for such little money." Similar guaranteed genuine testimonials daily. Be sure of getting the best by post.ng 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on appro. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs. O. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

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BUILD A 30/ Gramophone for £3. Instructions 3d. Latest Internal Horns and Motors. Lists free.—J. H. G., 195, High St., Deptford, S.E.8.

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TEA.—Buy Direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. Extra. 4 lbs. 7/-, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special mark, ¼ lb. 6d., ½ lb. 1/-, 1 lb. 2/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Foulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—It pays to buy only from the Wholesale Blenders, and save middlemen's profits. No connection with any other firm. Indian and Ceylon blends, delicious flavour, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 3/- per lb. Carriage paid 4 lb. and upwards. Thousands of satisfied customers. Money returned if not delighted.—PORTWAY TEA CO., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

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KEEP YOUR EGGS.—Without Preservatives! Anyone can now ensure that eggs never go bad. Read how in "POULTRY WORLD," 6d. November 2, 3d. newsagents; specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

ARE YOU LONELY.—No cheerier companion for sick, world-weary folk than a canary. Thousands offered every week in "CAGE BIRDS." Now out, 2d.; specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence by simple, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/8 for generous supply or 1/6½ stamps for Free Pamphlet.—Ridgard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 4GBX, 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ONCE in a while every woman should take BOLS VERY OLD GENEVA (in the Stone Bottle). Its Medicinal properties are wonderful in regulating the system. Indeed—it's a very good plan to take a SMALL glass of BOLS V.O. GENEVA daily.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl 36.

CROUP.—Vapo-Cresolene allays irritation, quickly relieves spasmodic cough and difficulty in breathing.—Write for F.29 Booklet No. 66 to Allen & Hanbur, ', Ltd., London, E.C.2.

COLE'S SKIN SOAP DEALS DEATH TO ALL SKIN TROUBLES. 1/6 full size Tablet sent FREE to prove it.—Cures worst forms of eruptions, Eczema, Acne, Dermatitis, Itch, Pimples, Blackheads. Send 4d. stamps for Postage and mention *John Bull*.—J. B. Cole, 24, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

SUFFERERS from BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, HEAD NOISES should write at once for FREE BOOKLET describing Sir Hiram Maxim's home treatment for these affections.—Address, Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, 85, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

EVERYONE should have a copy of the free "YADIL" BOOK OF HOME TREATMENT offered in the advt. on the Back Cover.

FREE SAMPLE of Dr. Jenner's Lozenges is offered on page 8. Mention *John Bull*

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BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., Oxford St., London, W.1.

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FOOTBALL COUPS EVERY WEEK. Again "Tomahawk," Master-Judge of Form, scores. More coups next week. Exclusive forecasts weekly in "BOXING, RACING & FOOTBALL." Now out, 2d.; 3d. post free, J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE SAMPLES of CALVERT'S TOOTH POWDER, SOAP and SHAMPOO are offered in the advt. on page 30.

FREE.—A free trial bottle of COMPLEX HAIR CREAM. Simply send the coupon in the advt. on page 30, enclosing 3d. in stamps. Be sure to write to Dept. 2. The address is in the coupon.

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To advertise our 36-page Catalogue of Bargains we make a special offer to Jones readers of a pair of guaranteed Whipcord trousers to measure at the advertised price of

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Postage 3d.

Over 40 in. waist, 2s. extra. These are of smart Dark Grey Whipcord, lined with Italian cloth, and are TAILORED AS IRON AS WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE THEY FAIL. SHOULD THEY FAIL, we will refunded if not Remember, only intended if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist and inside leg measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

BUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford.

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Worthy of the Occupant

from 1/6 a week.

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During our Autumn Sale we are offering a limited number of GENUINE DAINTICARS at about half the prices usually charged. From as illustrated **49/6**

Other models to suit all purses, for cash or from 6/- monthly

Prompt Delivery.

Carriage Paid.

Don't buy any Pram until you have sent our SALE CATALOGUE Sent Post Free.

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START A POSTAL BUSINESS

Shopping by Post is spreading like wildfire throughout the world. You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply in your own home by the "Hand" System. Expenses low, profits high, no special skill required. This system, invented by Charles Hand, Founder and present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, made in the first year (1928) net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on an initial outlay of £14. (Certified by Chartered Accountants. Copy Certificate supplied to every applicant.) One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343! Send to-day for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," to Charles Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp)

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I guarantee your satisfaction

BUY BY POST AND SAVE MONEY

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

Betta 5-VALVE PORTABLE 10/- With Order

Balance on LONG CREDIT TERMS

FREE for 7 Days' TRIAL

Brings in clearly and easily a wide range of British and Continental Stations at full loud-speaker strength. Absolute simplicity; no coils to change no aerial; no earth. One-dial tuning and plug for electric gramophone pick-up and complete with turntable. Fully Guaranteed for one year against mechanical breakdown.

Write for Catalogue J.B.3 and full details of our Special Home Trial Offer.

Betta Trading Co. Ltd.

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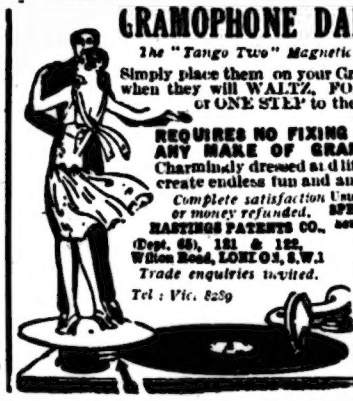
GRAMOPHONE DANCERS



The "Tango Two" Magnetic Dancers

Simply place them on your Gramophone, when they will WALTZ, FOX-TROT, or ONE STEP to the music.

REQUIRES NO FIXING AND FITS ANY MAKE OF GRAMOPHONE.

Charmingly dressed as dainty life-like, they create endless fun and amusement.

Complete satisfaction or money refunded. Usual Price 6/6 SPECIAL OFFER sent by return.

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Complete Set **1/11** Post 3d.

Trade enquiries invited.

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£2 GRAMOPHONE ELECTRIC PICK-UP FREE

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ONLY **5/- DOWN**

WRITE NOW.

WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON, SURREY.

SOLID OAK BED CHAIRS

(1) **2/6** only secures this 4 in 1 Solid Oak Bed-chair, and 10 Weekly payments 2/6 complete purchase. Polished dark or any shade, Scoff Velvet Cord cushions, any colour. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat. 2 Reversible seat cushions. Carriage free England. Postal Orders only

(2) (3) (4)

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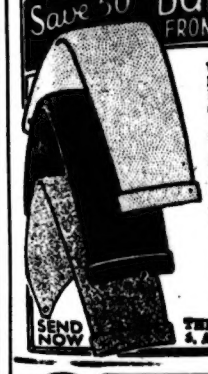
BUY TROUSERS FROM ACTUAL MAKERS

Save 30



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Why Pay Shop Profits? Our Clothing Bargain List is a real eye-opener. Besides many other lines, it contains 30 Bargains in Trousers at knock-out prices—trousers for work, for ordinary wear and best, all made for hard wear, amongst them being:—

Heavy Whipcord Trousers 6/-
Derby Tweed Trousers .. 6/-
Rain-proof Trousers .. 5/6
Melton Heavy-weight Trousers .. 8/6

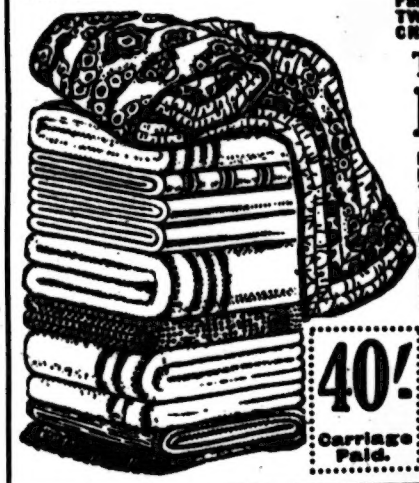
All sizes, 26—44 in. waist, post free. Sample pair at above wholesale prices. Send cash stating waist and inside leg measurement, or write for list.

THE EXPERTS MFG. CO., 5, Alston Rd., Haddenden, Kent

BALES GIVEN AWAY

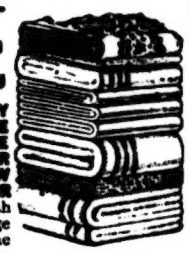
TO EVERY PURCHASER OF OUR 40/- BALE

To EVERY purchaser of our 40/- Bedding Bargain we are giving FREE one complete Bale of Bedding. We GUARANTEE every article of Bedding to be entirely BRITISH MADE and no shoddy Foreign goods are included. This offer cannot last long so send YOUR Order without delay. Money refunded if not satisfied.



ONE Art DOWN QUILT (in good quality Sateen cover and Panels).
PAIR of WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, English made, whipped and bordered.
PAIR of FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.
PAIR of PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
Pair of long NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, or TWO PAIRS of lovely CASEMENT CURTAINS.
ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.

This BALE FREE



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40/- Carriage Paid.

EXTRA GIFT of this CHARMING CLOCK, *suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.*

This Bale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars.

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It's cost saved on the first job you do

PENN'S FAMOUS LIGHT-RUNG LEATHER STITCHER.

Sews a perfect lock-stitch as sewing machine, but stronger. No handyman should be without one. THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

LEATHER STITCHER

Indispensable for Thrifty Homeworkers. SIMPLE TO USE.

Quickly Sew Boots, Belts, Bags, Harness, Suit Cases, Hoods, Screens, &c. Complete with 3 different needles, thread and illus. directions, 2/-, post 4d. Extra waxed thread 9d. skein, 3 for 2/-. Extra needles 3d. each 2/9 doz.

PRICE ONLY 2/-

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. (Actual Inventors).

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West End Tailored OVERCOATS for 6/- a month

Be tailored by Wallingfords, and so be assured of absolute satisfaction. These overcoats, cut and made in our own workshops, are the keenest bargains ever offered for 42/- cash or 6/- down and 6 monthly payments. They are marvellous value. Write NOW for free patterns and easy self-measurement chart.

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AMAZING VALUE!

72 SQ. FT. FOR 15/- SAMPLES FREE

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This week we will give one pair of Blankets FREE to all who order a pair of our White Woolly Blankets. Made from heavy yarn, with blue border, neatly overstitched. ALL FULL DOUBLE-BED SIZE. At 11/9 per pair these blankets are excellent value, but coupled with a FREE PAIR no greater bargain can possibly be obtained. Order NOW—Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not delighted.

11/9 per pair and ONE PAIR **FREE**

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GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER

SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

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FREE An Extra Blade will be given free to all sending for above.

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A Remarkably Interesting Book, Throwing a New Light on the Mystery of "Nerves." Offered Free to all Sufferers.

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Prevents Rust · OILS · Cleans & Polishes

Approved by the British Public for over 35 years.

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Sold everywhere in 9d., 1/6 and 3/- bottles, 1/6 HANDY CANS and 9d. OILBRIGHT CANS.

FREE Send a card for generous free sample of Three-in-One Oil and read the literature of uses we will send with it, carefully. Be sure to mention "John Bull" and send card to:—

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10 ELECTRICAL RECORDING INCH DOUBLE SIDED

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FOR 70 COUPONS

All the best tunes from the "Talkies"—the tunes which you have been humming all day—can be had FREE by smoking and enjoying BLACK CAT Cigarettes. As well as all the film tunes you can get splendid dance records and songs. This is a most wonderful chance for smokers of BLACK CAT Cigarettes. Not only do you get a rich, cool smoke, but also by collecting only 70 coupons, a fine Edison Bell Winner Record is yours.

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1/- per ounce. Two coupons in every packet.

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When ordering please state GIFT and SERIAL Number, i.e., Gift No. 348, Serial No 4919 (or No. selected) and 10 th

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	The Toymaker's Dream.	Fox-Trot with Vocal Chorus.	
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THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Nov. 9, 1929. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Secret Censorship Conclave—Food and Drink Now!

AT the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of this month the peoples of the Empire will pay their brief tribute to our Glorious Dead. The avalanche of death and destruction which swept away these million men in the high morning of their youth is eleven years away and the roads of Europe lie silent.

* * *

We remember their sacrifice. At the most critical moment in the history of our race they stood with their day and generation against the horde and took their wage. Their names live on. Their deed is remembered.

In common with our readers, we salute the Dead.

Newest censorship

From the beginning of next year the Ministry of Health proposes to make it compulsory that all advertisements of food and drink shall be submitted, before publication, to the officials of the Ministry, who will decide whether, in their opinion, the article advertised is genuinely what it is said to be in the wording of the advertisement.

* * *

This proposal to institute a new censorship was communicated to a recent conference of medical officers of health, with the careful instruction that it should not be allowed to leak out before the scheme was ready to be launched.

We are pleased to be able to break this conspiracy of silence and to invite Mr. Arthur Greenwood to address a few pertinent questions to the permanent officials of the Ministry.

* * *

It is not necessary to employ bureaucrats to safeguard the public.

The John Bull system of guaranteed advertisements shows how to protect both the public and the genuine advertiser without any interference from Whitehall.

Twenty minutes!

Many officers in the Metropolitan Police Force are highly indignant at the punishment that a Scotland Yard Disciplinary Board has just imposed upon an inspector for a trivial offence.

* * *

The victim, Inspector Simmons, late of "X" Division, which embraces Wembley, was charged with the trifling irregularity of being in his station twenty minutes after he should have "signed off," and with having made a false entry in the station books as to the time his duty ended.

For this he has been reduced to the rank of station sergeant and transferred to another division. His punishment means a difference of nearly £1 a week in pay, in addition to heavy losses in pension.

* * *

Lord Lyng should reconsider his decision in this case at once, bearing in mind the fact that Simmons has served 21 years.

Considered worthy

Political tipsters have been finding a successor for Mr. Baldwin during the past few months. Many have backed

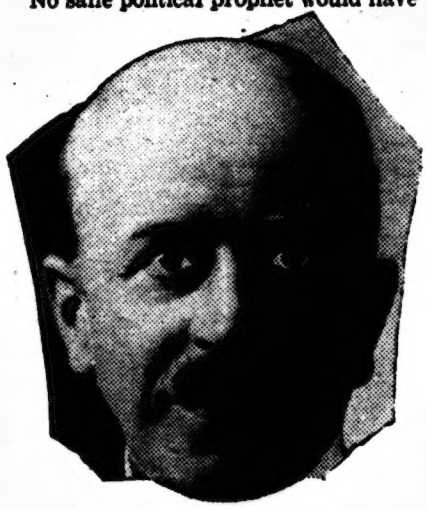
"Worthy" Successor of Mr. Baldwin?

Mr. Churchill and not a few have fancied Lord Beaverbrook.

None the less, a "dark horse" may succeed Mr. Baldwin in the near future—and the very unexpected selection most likely will be Sir Laming Worthington-Evans.

If this is so, it will not be the first time that the Tories have startled friend and foe by their selections in leadership.

No sane political prophet would have



He is the dark horse

dared to mention the name of Stanley Baldwin a few months before he assumed the mantle of Bonar Law.

Early in the year John Bull announced that a special safe seat had been found for Sir Laming in St. George's, Hanover Square. All the Party newspapers denied the statement.

* * *

Still, the fact remains that he was duly elected for St. George's and is the sitting member to-day.

His "safety," commercial experience and lack of "brilliance"—that fatal gift of Winston's—commend his claims as a leader to many typically Conservative minds.

Settling down

Tory Party differences are regarded as settled. Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, the organiser, is not to go.

But Mr. Baldwin has given Colonel Gretton and his colleagues assurances that headquarters will be reorganised, that the National Union of Conservative Associations will have a voice in policy and head office control, and that there will be in the future closer contact between the leader and the rank and file of the Party in the House of Commons.

The plotters

The little group of the I.L.P. left wingers—Maxton, Buchanan, Campbell Stephen, Wheatley and Company—have formed a "cave" in the Labour Party.

At private meetings in the House of Commons they are trying to persuade Labour M.P.s that the Government means to back out of its election pledges.

They make no secret of the fact that they will not extend to a Labour Government any more quarter than they would to a Liberal or Tory Government

Some of the documents they have recently circulated to Labour Members would have been invaluable to Tory M.P.s could they but have obtained possession of them.

Needs must

In the midst of the uncertainty over the fate of the Silk and Artificial Silk Duties, we are able to indicate that it is most unlikely the Chancellor of the Exchequer will abolish these in his next Budget.

He cannot afford to lose the money which such an act would involve, and he has always been prepared to regard these particular duties as Revenue duties rather than Protective duties.

* * *

In any case, the most hardened Free Traders will sympathise. The squaring of the Budget will be a tough problem.

Not their fault

We hope the War Office will be moved to adopt as humane as possible an attitude towards the large number of illegitimate children which the British Army of Occupation has left behind in Germany.

So far our military authorities have refused to go out of their way to trace the putative fathers, or to give the mothers any other kind of assistance.

While allegations from certain German quarters that men have been transferred to other units to cover up their traces are nonsense, there is no doubt that more might be done for the sake of the German children.

Red relations

Mr. Arthur Henderson, in his approach to the resumption of diplomatic relations with Moscow, is moving very warily.

Some people thought he had made a false move in the agreement which he signed with M. Dovgalevsky: as a fact Mr. Henderson drove quite a shrewd bargain with the Soviet envoy.

No Ambassador will be sent to Moscow until after the Foreign Secretary has submitted the agreement to Parliament.

The agreement will certainly be ratified and Ambassadors will be exchanged within a few weeks.

Elastic rubber

Dutch rubber growers are attempting to keep 10 per cent. of this year's rubber production off the market so that they may turn a surplus into a deficit and keep up their prices.

Next year they expect that in any case there will be a substantial deficit, and so something must be done to prevent the consumer from getting the benefit of this year's surplus.

This is the game of all the great international combines. Supply must always be manipulated so that it is less than the demand. It is the same story with sugar and tea.

The progressive governments of the world cannot shirk this problem. They must take combined action to secure the fullest production of the necessaries of modern life.

For the Millions

The dust in the House of Commons over the India dominion status will probably be blown out of the windows

At the moment when affairs in India are in a most critical state the incident is extremely unfortunate.

Is it probable that Lord Irwin felt that without some declaration India might be thrown into a fearful turmoil before Christmas?

If his statement has induced a peaceful trend in the spirit of India's countless millions, what does the rest matter?

This is the attitude suggested forcefully by Mr. A. G. Gardiner in this issue of John Bull.

Quiet as Pussyfoot

Under the leadership of Dr. Alfred Salter, Mr. Ernest Winterton, Mr. J. H. Hudson (the Chancellor's Parliamentary Private Secretary) and Lord Astor, a group of teetotal members of both Houses of Parliament is to be formed in a week or so for the purpose of reviewing the evidence to be given before the Royal Commission on Licensing.

Dr. Salter called the conclave

They are drawn from all parties, and they are holding meetings in the House, regarding which much secrecy is being observed.

When they do come out in the open their declarations will cause uneasiness in the political Parties and some embarrassment among the temperance organisations.

Drastic

Desperate efforts are being made to save some of the financial groups responsible for the flotation and control of companies which are now on the verge of collapse.

In one case important interests have agreed to put various associated concerns on a sound footing, but they have made it a condition that the present head of the group will not only resign his directorship but will also leave the City.

The adoption of such a drastic course shows how serious a view is taken in responsible quarters of the indiscriminate company promoting of the past few years.

We hope that in future action will be taken before and not after the investing public has been exploited.

IF YOU SEE IT—*Continued*

Too long

Many naval pensioners want to know why their pensions still continue to be paid quarterly, when Army and police pensioners and others may draw their allowance weekly.

It may seem a small matter to the high officials at the Admiralty whether a pension is paid weekly, quarterly or even annually.

To the man living on a small income it makes all the difference if he gets his money weekly so that he may pay his rent and his household bills as he goes along.

Mr. Alexander will earn the thanks of the lower deck pensioners if he introduces this long overdue reform.

Rubbing it in

Illegitimate children are refused admission to the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, and are thus denied valuable opportunities afforded to their more fortunate companions.

Mr. Hore Belisha, M.P., is to be congratulated in giving notice of a question to the First Lord of the Admiralty asking if he will do away with this antiquated regulation.

Secret murder

Cranks of all parties are going to be asked to support an agitation in favour of prohibiting all newspaper reports of legal proceedings arising out of charges of murder, except the judge's summing-up and the verdict of the jury.

Already a number of "Sabbatarians" and prohibitionists of everything in general are hard at work "organising."

It is even claimed that support is certain amongst the ranks of the present Government.

We have seen a Charter of Collusion granted to the Divorce Courts because the House of Commons was in a hurry to enjoy a holiday.

We don't want an era of secret murder inaugurated by fanatics.

So much "jam"

Since the Government is occupying itself so profoundly on the future government of India, it would do well to turn its attention to the conditions in the Native States, where, under princes who are themselves fabulously wealthy, the social and political conditions are often a disgrace to civilisation.

The princes vote their own taxes and spend them as they please. Money squandered on personal extravagance may be shown as having been expended on public works, and no one may question it.

The princes should be told to mend their ways.

Sticking like glue

The outcry which was raised some time ago when the waste of public money on unnecessary and grossly overpaid posts at the Admiralty was revealed has brought no drastic pruning of these lucrative sinecures.

Yet the recently issued report of the Select Committee on Estimates contains some plain words on the subject. The Government must get busy.

We suggest that a drastic reduction in the number of "personal assistants" to the various Sea Lords, whose numbers seem to be multiplying day by day, would be a good start.

Too old at sixteen

A large number of juveniles between the ages of fourteen and sixteen are being employed in electrical and engineering concerns.

Their nimble fingers are specially adapted to the delicate operations of manufacturing electric light bulbs, small coils and the like. One large London firm employs over 3,000 juveniles.

When these young workers become liable to National Health Insurance contributions and eligible for benefits, they are dismissed.

The result is seen in the large number of young men and girls who are now unemployed. After working for several years on highly technical jobs they have no trade to which they can turn.

But what will the unions do about it?

The bar-sinister

A sign of the activity of the T.U.C. is shown by the energy with which it has taken up our exposure of the "National Bar Workers' Union and Protection Association."

This precious organisation, whose secretary is Mr. W. Hewitson, with a registered address at 46, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, London, claimed to have secured the support of trade unions through the good offices of Mr. Ben Tillett, M.P.

The whole thing was a lie. And the T.U.C. warns its members to steer clear of the N.B.W.U.P.A.

As the T.U.C. points out, bar-workers are enrolled in the General Workers' Union.

"J.B." in the pulpit

Once again a sermon has been preached on a JOHN BULL article. This time it was the Rev. H. G. Wilks, Vicar of Upper Thong, Yorkshire, who took our article, "Who'll Save the Church?" for his text.

Mr. Wilks said: "It would cut more ice with the masses if we (the clergy) had our 'J.B.s.'"

Well, we shall not argue that point. But it is plain that if the Church is to reach the people it must understand the people and their needs.

Starch is no good—even if it contains a high percentage of sugar.

Just like them

Some insurance companies have always shown themselves to be remarkably clever in devising means of escaping payments.

One of their sharpest practices is to refuse to accept any third-party liability under a motor-car policy if the holder of the policy dies.

This means that if a motorist who has knocked down a pedestrian happens to die before the claim is settled the pedestrian is not entitled to any compensation from the company.

Sir William Jowitt, K.C., Attorney-General

The Attorney-General has introduced a Bill to protect injured persons in cases where the insured motorist goes bankrupt.

He should amend it so that the insurance companies may no longer escape their liability to those injured in motor accidents merely because the motorist himself dies while they are arguing about the claim.

Out in the Lifeboat

The latest reminder of the heroism of the lifeboat crews comes from Thurso, Caithness, where the motor lifeboat put out in a gale with a heavy sea running and rescued twenty men in one of the cutters of the battleship *H.M.S. Marlborough*.

The cutter had been sent off to destroy a mine, gone ashore, and was unable to get clear of the storm-tossed surf.

Continually swept by heavy seas, the lifeboat got a rope to the cutter at the third attempt and drew her to safety.

The *Marlborough* ship's company voted a donation. But to the lifeboat crew it is all in the day's work.

Her deadly sin

Kathleen Lindsay, of Belfast, who is nineteen years old, was sinful enough to powder her nose and rouge her lips in the workhouse. So the scandalised officials took her to the laundry department and washed her face.

Kathleen resented this and scandalised the officials still more by escaping from the laundry.

Mr. O'Donoghue, of the Belfast Police Court, before whom Kathleen was tried for insubordination, was also scandalised. He sentenced her to seven days. Poor Kathleen!

Always there

Japan, which has already given the Lancashire cotton trade a nasty knock in the East, is now turning its attention to artificial silk in real earnest.

It has already ousted Britain from the first place among the suppliers of artificial silk in India.

Meet

This year the Lord Mayor's Banquet will not be the shameless orgy it used to be, when over fifty different dishes were prepared for the guests. The turtle-soup remains, but the other courses do not go beyond the fish, chicken and so on that are customary in the evening meal provided for the well-to-do in West End hotels.

Sir William Waterlow doesn't like orgies

There is still the tragic difference between the man who is well fed and the man who does not know where to find his next meal, but, at any rate, the vulgar extravagance of the old-fashioned alderman has ended.

The living and the dead

A desperate commentary on the conditions of life among the poor of Sheffield is provided by the experience of a certain family there.

For five days a woman with her five children lived in their one room in which lay the corpse of the husband and father, while a collection was being made to defray the expense of the funeral.

Yet this is in civilised England, year of our Lord 1929.

Muted trumpet

Master F. D. B. Murphy, of Bury, Lancs, was anxious to go soldiering. He passed various examinations successfully, was vaccinated and finally sworn in as a boy-trumpeter in the Royal Artillery.

But on reporting for duty he was discharged summarily as "not considered fit on medical grounds."

Murphy is still anxious to join the Army. He wonders why the military authorities waited until he had given up his civilian job, and reported to his unit, before they turned him down.

We wonder, too.

The spirit of the times

An example of the tyranny of the middleman, not only at the expense of the consumer, but of the small retailer, comes from Aylesbury.

A small retailer there was selling coal at the fair market price of 2s. 1d. per cwt. He was visited by a representative of the larger distributors and told that unless he raised his price at once to that of the ring—2s. 4d.—he would be wiped out.

One of the principal men in the ring is an eminent local public man.

He should study the Biblical story of Naboth's vineyard.

Snowden side-tracked

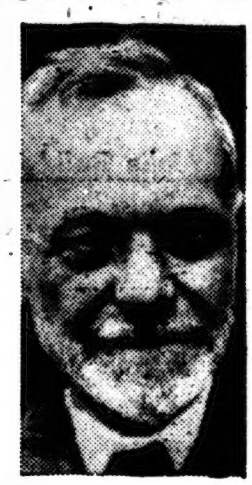
We expressed fears some time ago that Italy would minimise the advantage to us of The Hague Agreement to buy British coal by making it a condition that the coal all went in Italian ships, not British.

It is now officially announced that all chartering of ships will be done from Rome.

British shipowners are not to benefit from Mr. Snowden's stand.

Even the sailors

MPs of all Parties from the Home Counties have banded themselves together to fight the menace of the refuse "dumps" all over the Kingdom. Col. Fremantle is the chairman and Mr. H. T. Muggeridge, the secretary, represents Romford—a poisoned area.



Mr. Muggeridge will smell them out

A Departmental Committee is investigating the question, but nothing has been heard of it for some time.

For example, there is a plague of rats and vermin in the Essex district while seamen on the Thames are complaining of the abominable odour from the refuse.

The big passenger steamship companies will shortly have something to say.

Cut it quick

A committee, under Sir Sidney Chapman, is to consider the hoary proposal to dig a ship canal from Edinburgh to Glasgow—sixty miles away.

The Board of Trade gloomily predicts £60,000,000 as construction costs. Then if it paid 5 per cent., it would have to charge nearly 20s. a ton on all freight.

All this gloom is unnecessary. The canal is an excellent project—and need not cost £30,000,000 if only the land needed for its construction is compulsorily acquired at its real valuation, and not at the inflated price its owners will demand once they hear the magic word "canal."

Is it too much to hope that Mr. Snowden will see to it?

Dangerous slave driving

Alderman A. Tunney, of Nottingham, referred the other day to the case of a driver who had been on the road for 107 hours in one week.

Many similar cases could be instanced throughout the country.

The condition of a man who has been at the wheel for over a hundred hours in one week can well be imagined. Such a driver is a grave danger to other traffic on the road.

Public safety should not be allowed to suffer from the rapacity of the motor-'bus concerns

Doughty and naughty

A doughty old sea-dog is Captain Harry Knight, who has recently been frequenting public-houses in London. He can tell many a fine sea tale.

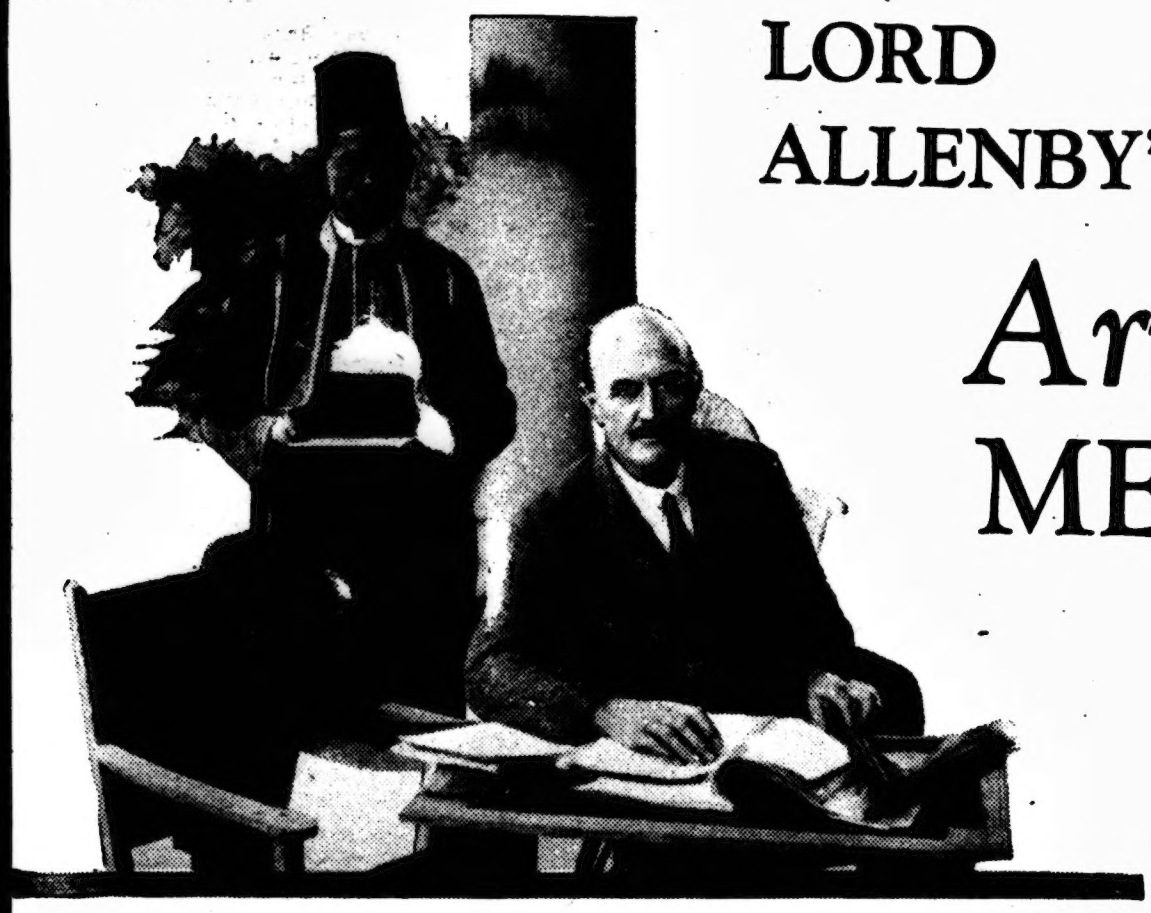
But if you meet him do not let your admiration run away with your discretion, and do not cash a cheque for him.

We have some of those cheques. They are marked "Refer to Drawer—No Account."

The "Mauretania"

Great secrecy surrounds the Cunard Company's plans to re-engine the *Mauretania*, but it is known that a new engineering system will be adopted that has already been tried out successfully in certain P. & O. ships.

If this is so, the Cunard Company is taking a leaf out of the Germans' book, as the P. & O. ships were converted to the Bauer-Wach system, which is entirely a German invention.



LORD ALLENBY'S *Armistice* MESSAGE

THE CAPTOR OF BETHLEHEM

"Some day—probably some distant day—the world may evolve a Commonwealth of Nations linked by ties of comity in business and sentiment . . ."

ON this the eleventh anniversary of the Armistice our thoughts are carried back to the day when victory crowned our arms and peace came to an exhausted world.

The peoples of the earth were broken, physically and morally; on a larger scale than ever before, but in no different fashion than a thousand times in history.

What we have witnessed is the customary process of evolution in man's affairs; and always, when like shocks are felt, those affected believe civilisation to be crashing in ruin.

But civilisation survives, and the social system goes on.

Our habits and modes of thought are too deeply ingrained to be destroyed by upheavals, however violent. The instinct of society is incalculably ancient, and its growth has been continuous—from the individual to the family, the tribe and the nation: each held together by self-interest and the ever-pressing need for mutual protection in a world of continual strife and peril.

Social evolution is slow; its advance almost imperceptible; but the instinct is alive, reaching ever onward and upward.

Guided by what records are available, and judging from analogy, we are probably justified in assuming that human nature is, in our days, not unlike what it has always been, well disposed and kindly on the whole.

When threatened, when defending the personal interests of self, of family, congregation or community, the human animal displays eminent qualities of mercy, loyalty and patriotism: whose expression may culminate in fanaticism, ferocity and savage cruelty.

War's annals afford many examples of this morbid change in characteristics normally admirable.

But when war is ended, old hatreds weaken and vanish; bitterness and vengeful memory are not eternal. Natural human kindness reasserts its influence.

Nations may murder

BETWEEN old enemies who have made a hard fight for what each held to be right and true, between victor and vanquished soon arises a sentiment of respect developing into regard, a recognition of the opposite point of view.

Recourse to violence in adjusting differences of opinion between individuals and families has long ago been ruled out of order, and is now so unpopular as to be reckoned a crime.

Killing and mutilation are reserved for infliction by nation on nation. What is an abhorred crime in the individual is the approved procedure for the group or nation.

But the stupendous catastrophe of the World War unsettled many well-established beliefs; and conviction is coming to some minds that the old way of ending quarrels is not the only way possible, nor even the best way; that bloody war is not only wasteful, but inefficacious; and they are inclining to seek methods less crude and less costly.

The Great War has taught us the bitter lesson that even for the victors gain is outweighed by loss; and looking through the pages of history, we note that the winnings of one war are as often as not cancelled by the next.

A dangerous intruder

WHERE are the fruits of Napoleon's dazzling triumphs, or the gains of Bismarck's victorious combinations?

The difficulties and uncertainties of war have been increased and complicated by science. Aviation has abolished frontiers; long-range cannon, motor vehicles, have widened the boundaries of battlefields.

Chemistry has made its entry, a new and dangerous intruder.

Machinery has become so powerful that one is disposed to admire the decision taken by the wise rulers of Erewhon—in Samuel Butler's romance—who barred the use of all machinery owing to fear lest machines should become so efficient as eventually to enslave their human masters.

Modern wars cannot be localised; it is almost certain that all future wars will be world-wide. The affairs of the great Powers are too closely interwoven to allow any one Power to stand aloof; moreover, every man, woman and child will be involved, as in the later stages of the last war, but in a greater degree.

The most frequent, the usual, cause of war is suspicion bred of misunderstanding. The only way of avoiding misunderstanding is through international education brought about by free and frank exchange of views.

Happily, a start has been made along these lines, and the League of Nations is already an influential factor for peace.

Some day—probably some distant day—the world may evolve a Commonwealth of Nations linked by ties of comity in business and sentiment, like the Commonwealth of those equal nations which compose the British Empire—a unity of peoples, independent yet interdependent, one in aim and in purpose.

Charity begins at home; and interest is and always will be stronger than sentiment. But sentiment, even microscopically small, is an essential to the maintenance of union as are vitamins to the well-being of the human frame.

For us, the keynote should be co-operation. Shoulder to shoulder we fought; in fellowship we must labour to renovate the world, to make sure its future—in the cause of posterity as of ourselves.

The Empire nobly did its duty in the war, and our islands, the Heart of the Empire, played their part well. It was not a selfish war of ambition; we sought no private or personal advantage.

Our sacrifices were colossal; we paid a huge price in blood and treasure.

But the sacrifice was made ungrudgingly, the price cheerfully paid. For freedom no ransom is too high.

Britain's sons and daughters took their full share in winning the war and redeeming the world, but the redeemed world is a changed world, whose problems differ widely from those which faced us half a generation ago.

Though we have peace among our own peoples, we still hear afar the mutterings of war, the murmurs of unrest. At home, industrial disputes and economic crises hold back the hand of progress.

But there is no reason to despond. The spirit which won the war will overcome the difficulties of peace, so long as we accept and adapt ourselves to present requirements.

Since peace crowned our efforts, democracy has gone forward with giant strides, and bold experiments are being tried. Women have come into their own, taking their part in all affairs on equal terms with men.

Of women and men, alike, a considerable proportion now enjoying civic rights came to maturity since hostilities ceased, and they can recall but faintly the world crisis which to their elders is a vivid picture. Problems familiar to the elders are new to them.

It behoves those who graduated in the hard school to impart to their juniors the knowledge there acquired.

The rising generation are the hope of the country, guardians-to-be of our Empire. They require for their guidance all that experience has in store.

After the reaping

THE aftermath of war is not wholly reaped, but we have not been standing idle.

Hurry is not speed, and patience will have its reward.

A precious legacy of the war is the breaking down of class barriers. Master and man, employer and employed begin to appreciate the identity of their interests.

Especially is this apparent to ex-Service men, who are familiar with the system existing in all Services of a chain of authority, responsibility and sympathy extending throughout the organisation from top to bottom.

Each individual has his allotted place and duties which are carefully adjusted in relation to those of others.

The officer who directs and supervises the work makes it his business also to assure the welfare of the worker. Trust and confidence are thus established, and good will leads to good value.

That is the system and the spirit—organisation, comradeship, enterprise. These will uphold our Empire and maintain her high position among the nations of the world.

Something REALLY NEW this time!

Nº1 Today 2D

FRANKLY we find it almost impossible to describe this new weekly paper. Nothing like it has ever appeared before. There is no paper to compare it with. It strikes an absolutely new note. Here in this new paper you will find just what you want to know—answers to all your queries—information on every subject under the sun—set out clearly, brightly, entertainingly and with a wealth of pictures. THIS AND THAT is for men and women of all ages and classes. Some idea of the interest and variety of its contents can be gathered from the short list below of features which appear in No. 1.

IF GUY FAWKES HAD SUCCEEDED IN 1929. *What England would do without a Parliament.*

WHO INVENTED THE BANANA? *A Fruit unknown in England when Father was a Boy.*

WE MUST HAVE SLAVE LABOUR. *No great public Work possible without it.*

ARE WOMEN GOING BALD? *What Science has to say on this important subject.*

CAN WE DRAIN THE MEDITERRANEAN? *A Vast Vision of New Power and Prosperity.*

MUTINY AT DARTMOOR PRISON. *How a Gang of Americans rushed the Gates.*

TEN THOUSAND TONS OF GOLD. *What would happen if it was suddenly dumped on the World.*

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His Majesty KING GEORGE,
Buckingham Palace

YOUR MAJESTY,—Was it a mere coincidence, or was it with a feeling of pride in the loyalty of your subjects that you fixed your first Council meeting in the life of the new Parliament for the fifth of November?

Anyhow, we are proud to reflect that with gunpowder plots or attempted assassinations of other sorts taking place in various parts of the world, our royalty can walk safely abroad with no other protection than the love of the English people.

That, Sir, is a great achievement. And we see in vista, as those chiefly responsible for it, three men of your line: the King that was, the King that is, and the King that is to come.

JOHN BULL.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
Old Palace, Canterbury

YOUR GRACE,—When you meet your Church Assembly on November 12, I am sure you will have much to say on recent quarrels over points of doctrine and practice.

Can High Anglicans, Evangelicals and Modernists like Bishop Barnes and Dean Inge arrive at a common understanding?

Only the Establishment binds them together, and it is surely anomalous for a Church of Christ to depend for its unity on the cash nexus.

The honest thing for all those who do not think a lay Parliament should govern the matter and manner of religious worship is for them to work hard for independence.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Astley Hall, near Stourport

DEAR SIR,—For once I find myself altogether on your side.

What *is* the use of all these post-mortems on the body of the late Election, which so many of your followers want?

As you say, "We lost, and there's an end of it. Now what are we going to do?"

In fact, though I have attacked you in the past, and, if necessary, I shall attack you again, I find nothing so fatal to the success of the Conservative Party as its lack of a policy and its lack of loyalty.

Having no purpose, except power, it says it was betrayed. And, having no prophet, it stones you.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ALLAN SMITH, *Chairman, Engineering and Allied Federation*

DEAR SIR,—The unrest among operative engineers has come to a crisis, and I should like to know what you and your fellow employers intend to do about it.

So far as the question of justice is concerned, the engineers are scandalously underpaid.

And, as justice is not an abstract thing, let me point out that foreign countries are eagerly offering baits to your operatives so attractive that our skilled engineers are leaving these shores in shoals.

That will injure your business and our trade.

Justice is the best policy, Sir Allen. The wages question must be reviewed without delay.

JOHN BULL.

Lord PENTLAND,
Frognal Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3

MY DEAR YOUNG SIR,—It is good to find a young fellow of your rank so free from snobbery that you have worked in a liner's stokehold, and so full of enthusiasm for the Empire that you have raised a clarion call for pioneers. But first things first!

The country which has most need of pioneers is Britain. The country where the most urgent work is to be done is Britain.

Why, rural Britain is falling into decay for the want of pioneers.

There lies your task, young man!

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
Home Office

DEAR SIR,—I am sure you read with horror the account of the torture of accused persons in France in order to extort a confession: the stripping of the prisoner's body, the brutal pinioning of the thumbs, the bruising of the bare flesh.

Anything our police have done of late years is worlds away from that, though the Report of the Police Commission was necessary to pull up a few zealots.

Now there is an outcry that the limitation of the right to question prisoners and witnesses is a handicap to police effort which allows many criminals to escape.

Don't listen, Mr. Clynes!

Better that a hundred criminals went free than that we sank to the depths of French police administration!

JOHN BULL.

Sir FREDERICK MILNER,
Taplow Lodge, Taplow, Bucks

DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—In wishing you happiness on your eightieth birthday I feel assured that whether the days that remain to you be long or short, they will be filled with happiness, for you have solved the secret of contentment in working for the comfort of others.

Although sorely afflicted yourself, you have devoted your late years to the welfare of disabled ex-Service men.

I have personal knowledge of your wonderful efforts, and I wish all possible success to the Birthday Fund which is being formed to perpetuate your grand work.

May the glow of sunset warm your heart!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord TOMLIN, *Chairman, Royal Commission on the Civil Service*

MY LORD,—Yours is an important and onerous task. The Civil Service is one of the sweated industries and that is a black disgrace to the Government and citizens of this country.

There are many, a large proportion of them ex-Service men, working at starvation wages.

Worst of all are conditions in the Post Office. There I suggest you should follow the lines of reform laid down in this paper last week.

You have only to read your daily paper to realise how sorely the lower ranks are tempted.

Finally, when you have cleared the service of sweating, I trust that you will put the Civil Servant in his place. Let him be what his name implies, and not an interfering tyrannical bureaucrat!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. H. MARTIN, *Secretary, Lord's Day Observance Society*

DEAR SIR,—The people of Lambeth will not clothe themselves in sackcloth because of your smug assertion that it is the worst Sabbath-desecrating area in London.

Nor will Ealing break out into songs of rejoicing at your gifts of moral and spiritual good marks because it has no Sunday games and kinemas.

Is it your idea that where there *are* Sunday games and kinemas convinced Churchmen won't go to church? If so, your beloved Sabbatarian spirit must be 90 per cent. water.

And, by-the-bye, when England *was* religious the parsons watched the folk dancing on a Sunday afternoon.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. C. SHERRIFF,
c/o Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—Our debt to you's beyond all measure.
You wrote a play, not merely for our pleasure,
But to inspire us. So we found, my friend,
A world's awakening at your "Journey's End."
That was a triumph. Your reward is this:
The world broadcasts you at the Armistice.
So David meets Goliath—not in vain!
The pebble Truth has pierced the giant's brain.
Yes, the plain Truth—no garbled special plea
Of one who saw just what he wished to see!
You sang the Unknown Soldier's requiem.
You showed us War: and left *us* to condemn.
Well, giant-killer, ex-insurance clerk,
You cried Alarum when the night was dark.
Until at length you reached your heart's desire,
And preached the world's insurance against Fire.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK: "Every slum is a hideous defiance of the Fatherhood of God."

And an even more hideous repudiation of the Brotherhood of Man.

* * *

SIR STANLEY MACHIN: "We want young men of imagination and initiative."

Rubbish! England's full of them, all clamouring for a chance. The old men won't give them one.

* * *

SIR JAMES PARR: "It is up to Manchester to deal with her New Zealand cousins more liberally than she has in the past."

What Manchester wants is that her New Zealand cousins should deal with her.

* * *

MR. WHEATLEY, M.P.: "The electors sent this Government here to do more than dot the 'i's' and cross the 't's' of Tory legislation."

So Mr. Wheatley proposes to dot the nose and cross the eyes of Labour legislation.

Not from 2LO.—*Sir Herbert Nield in*—

WHITE LINE *for the Law-Makers*

IF you stroll down Piccadilly
With a wobble in your knees,
And your headgear at an angle
(Say) of umpty-nine degrees;
If your step is rather doubtful
And you wink a waggish eye
At some female of the species
Who perchance is passing by—
Though you're really very harmless,
With the morals of a monk—
The Law, profound in wisdom,
Will declare that you are drunk.

On the other hand, you may be
Sitting in a motor-car,
And the giddiness you're feeling
Was not caused by your cigar!
And you can't be very certain
As to just what you should do,
Because, it seems, your steering-wheel
Has been replaced by *two*!
You need not worry over-much;
If you brief Mr. Fudge
To put your case, the Court will find
You sober as a Judge!

If a motorist who has put more moisture down his throat than his brain will stand is as sober as a Judge, how drunk would he have to be to be as drunk as a lord?

This is a point that might well provide food (together with "refreshers" for counsel) for a three days' debate in the Court of Appeal and then be taken to the House of Lords.

On the other hand, the question might be decided in one and a half minutes by two ordinary men and a dog. But, of course, we cannot allow these matters to become the prey of mere common sense, or prosperous counsel might soon be in debt to their wig-makers.

The law on the subject of drunkenness, as I showed at Middlesex Sessions, is quite clear. Either a man is sober or

he is drunk. There is no half-way house—not even a public-house.

When a doctor gave evidence that a motorist was "drunk for the purpose of driving a car" I pointed out that unless he was "drunk for all purposes" he could not be convicted.

For ignorant jurors sometimes imagine that if a motorist is alcoholically incapable of driving he is drunk.

Nothing of the kind! He must be drunk for any purpose, from walking a tight-rope to tying knots in pink tape.

The foreman of the jury, ignorant of the niceties of legal interpretation, announced to Sir Herbert Nield at the sessions: "We are unanimous that the law in these cases is farcical."

Really, I cannot allow such language!

This plainly is heretical,
For what as "asininity"
Might be described in you or me,
Has, in the Law, we all agree,
A flavour of divinity.

For dignity and deference
I'm not, I think, a greedy 'un;
Still, if the Law's a farce (tut, tut!)
I, who embody it, am but
A sort of low comedian!

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"They laughed at first—

but when I began to play—*a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spell-bound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces!*" "*Who was your teacher?*" "*How do you get that lovely singing tone?*"

So writes a student of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started *without knowing a note.*

The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere.

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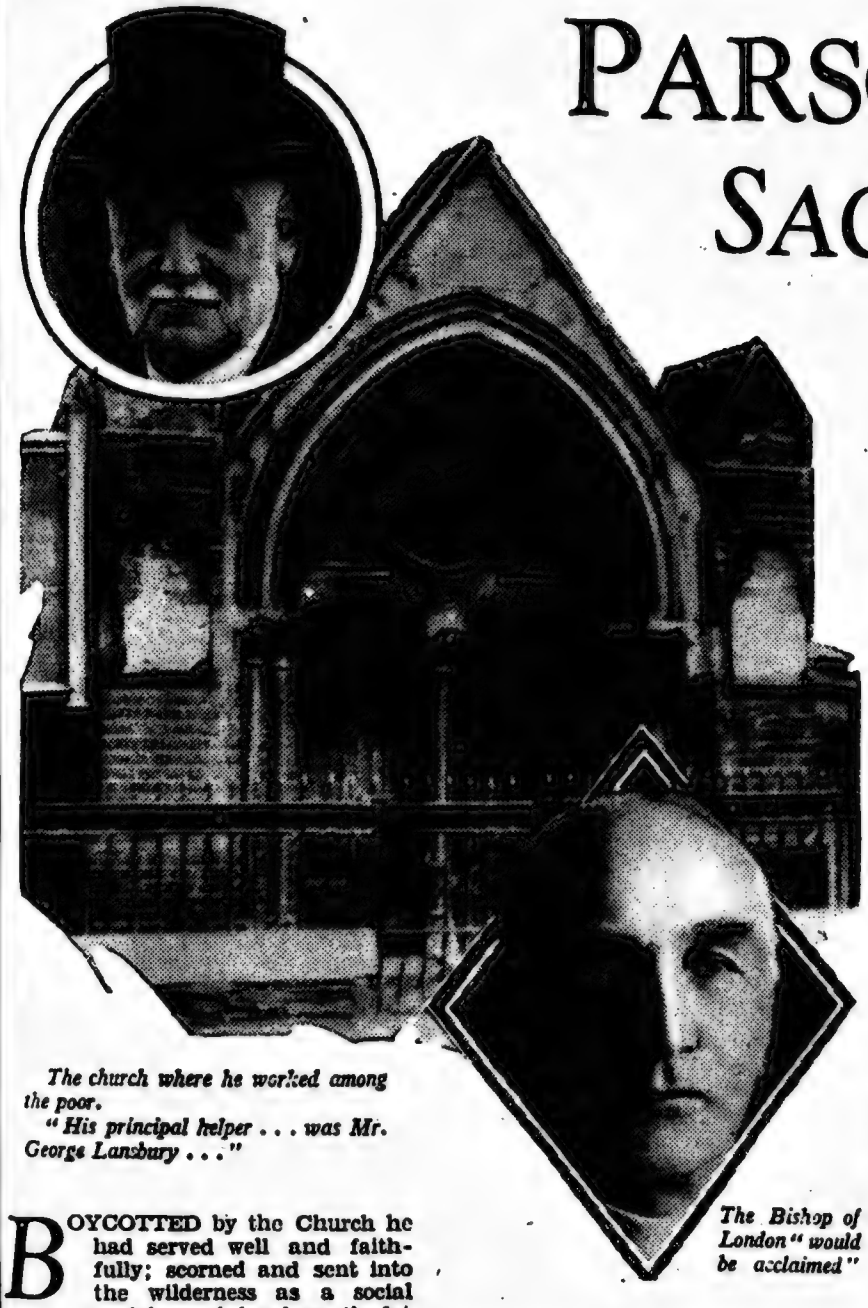
PARSON'S poignant SACRIFICE for LOVE

A Scarlet Letter Drama



The church where he worked among the poor.
"His principal helper . . . was Mr. George Lansbury . . ."

The Bishop of London "would be acclaimed"

BOYCOTTED by the Church he had served well and faithfully; scorned and sent into the wilderness as a social pariah—such has been the lot of the Rev. John Maurice Cottee, of the Pound House, Llanbister, Radnorshire.

And his only "sin" has been that he gave his name in marriage to a woman who had been shamefully betrayed by another, and who had come to him in his capacity as a priest to seek spiritual solace in her time of stress.

Just prior to the war the Rev. J. M. Cottee was curate at St. Paul's, Old Ford, London, E., and the memory of his personality and untiring labours among the poor of one of London's most squalid areas is still fresh and fragrant in many minds.

His principal helper at that time was Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., now a Minister in the Labour Government.

On the eve of the declaration of war there came to Mr. Cottee a nineteen-year-old girl of a good Suffolk family, who had been lured away from home by a German waiter—a man who had been in this country some years, and who, it has since been found, had been under the close observation of the British Secret Service.

Boundless compassion

This man, after enticing the girl to London, betrayed her and robbed her of all her savings. When she sought Mr. Cottee's advice her betrayer was actually preparing to return to Germany, but he was stopped *en route* and, significantly, was one of the first half-dozen Germans to be interned.

The girl's plight was extreme, for she was an expectant mother; but she found a sympathetic confidant in the Rev. John Cottee, who was accustomed to facing life in its harshest aspects.

His compassion for the helpless girl ripened in time to love; and to save her from the desperate position in which she found herself he offered her marriage before her baby was born.

It was then that he made one mistake. He should have continued his work in the slums of East London, where noble self-sacrifice and moral heroism are better understood and more often revealed than anywhere else.

Instead, believing that it would be easier for his young wife if she could begin life afresh in brighter surroundings, he obtained a country curacy at Yeovil, in Somerset.

Unhappily, some busybodies in Yeovil traced the registration of the new curate's marriage and informed the vicar that Mrs. Cottee, who was on the eve of motherhood, had only been married a few months.

The vicar in question is now dead, but there can be no doubt that had he been aware of the full facts, which we now present, his attitude would have been very different.

Denounced as immoral

As it was, he sent for Mr. Cottee, verified the date of his marriage from him, denounced him as an immoral man, and ordered him to quit the parish within a few hours.

To spare his wife the pain of publicity that the revelation of her early betrayal would have entailed, Mr. Cottee kept silent about the facts of the marriage and preferred to go into exile.

The vicar subsequently informed the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who, being likewise ignorant of the true story, pronounced what was virtually a decree of inhibition on Mr. Cottee. The Bishop has also died since without ever being told the truth.

The Bishops of the Church of England communicate with each other before one makes an appointment among the clergy.

One by one they have refused to give Mr. Cottee another curacy. Even his attempts to obtain a chaplaincy with the Forces met with discouragement.

After the birth of his wife's baby, Mr. Cottee learnt to drive a taxicab and satisfactorily passed the Scotland Yard tests.

He was and still is a clergyman. He has never been tried before any ecclesiastical court.

Early in the war Mr. Cottee joined the Royal Garrison Artillery as a gunner. He was terribly wounded in the mouth by shrapnel and, after long service in France, was finally discharged with a small pension as permanently incapacitated.

Another effort to secure reinstatement failed, and for the rest of the war Mr. Cottee earned his livelihood as a cook in a munition-factory.

Since the Armistice Mr. Cottee has lived with his wife and family—there are now three children—in a retreat in the Welsh mountains, and is passing rich on 3s. 3d. a day plus his wound pension, tending sheep, digging ditches and cutting the mountain turf.

Mr. Cottee bears no rancour against those who have wronged him.

"They know not what they do," he said, with tear-dimmed eyes, when our representative visited him recently.

His wife came forward and kissed him tenderly, whispering: "My brave man."

The moisture cleared from his eyes, he clapped his toil-worn hands and forced a laugh to cheer the woman for whom he had sacrificed so much.

And what manner of man is this who has been so grievously wronged by those who should have understood him best? Left destitute at a tender age, he existed until he was seventeen by selling newspapers in the London streets.

When the Boer war broke out he joined the Dragoon Guards, with whom he served throughout the South African campaign.

Even then he hankered after a priesthood and resolved to find some means when the war was ended to obtain the necessary education.

He entered the prison service of South Africa as a warder at Pretoria and saved sufficient in four years to realise his ambition. He returned to Britain, and at the age of twenty-four went to a preparatory school in South Wales, sitting at his desk with tiny children who called him "Dad."

Soon he made up for his neglected education and went ahead so rapidly that he was able to pass the University entrance examination, taking an honours course at St. David's College and graduating with distinction in Divinity.

How many such?

And all the time he supported and educated himself on his savings and whatever he could earn in the holidays as a farm-labourer.

How many ministers of religion could show a zeal and a record comparable with this? The priesthood of the Church of England would be enriched by his return to it.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London would be acclaimed if they would prepare the way back for him.

A SUAVE ROGUE —with Side-Pockets

A CAMBRIDGE hotel recently sheltered a genial gentleman of quiet habits, who was known as Mr. Leslie Norris, and believed to be one of the chief draughtsmen in the employ of the General Post Office, London.

Upon his arrival, Mr. Norris intimated that he would probably have to remain in the locality for a fortnight or so on business, as the Postmaster-General had just acquired an important site there.

But at the end of the first week he informed the manager that he had completed his work earlier than he had anticipated, and called for his bill, which he paid with a cheque drawn upon the London and Provincial Bank.

Shortly after Mr. Norris had departed, his cheque came back from the bank, marked "No account," but by this time the hotel authorities had made a number of disquieting discoveries concerning the "expert draughtsman" from the G.P.O.

Several rooms had been ransacked by him, and more than one guest had reported the loss of jewels, chequebooks and other valuables.

A number of Cambridge residents have also been victimised by Norris. He distributed his worthless cheques with charming impartiality.

Now, a little enquiry reveals many things. Hotel thieves come and hotel thieves go; but Leslie Norris, apparently, goes on for ever.

• • •

Nearly forty warrants are out for his arrest, from Buxton, Hitchin, Nuneaton, Hemel Hempstead, Scarborough, Henley, Leicester and Wigan.

He does not always pose as a G.P.O. official. At Leicester, for instance, he booked a room, and asked for some hot water to be sent up immediately, as he had to rush to the station to meet "his men," who were coming from London to work under him in connection with a huge building contract.

While the hotel authorities thought Norris was washing his hands, he made a quick tour of some of the rooms, so that when he left "to meet his men" he carried away a nice little collection of valuables.

• • •

Norris, who usually wears a smart raincoat over his plus-fours on such occasions, has capacious pockets of his own design for carrying the loot.

"Norris" is only one of many aliases; his real name is Alfred Robea. Jails yawn for him. ●

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Send for our free Catalogue which illustrates and describes a whole host of Mead new season's Gramophone models from a simple yet highly efficient "take-me-with-you" Portable to the most sumptuous Cabinet model you'd ever dream of. And this catalogue will also tell you about our special offer of

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(DEPT. 6H3) BIRMINGHAM

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ON THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

Extraordinary Advertising Offer by the Famous

UNIVERSAL STORES
OF MANCHESTER

PREMIER BARGAIN ADVERTISERS FOR NEARLY 30 YEARS.

A 2-GUINEA DINNER SERVICE FOR ONLY 21/-

Carriage Paid in the British Isles.

The New Ivory Ware 32 piece Dinner Service

A full dinner service for six persons, prettily decorated in three colours.

Every piece good quality, and highly glazed.

6 meat plates, 6 soup plates, 6 cheese plates, 6 dessert plates, 3 meat or fish dishes, 2 veg. or soup tureens with lids, one gravy boat (32 pieces in all).

Do not miss one of life's little opportunities to provide yourself with a real money-saving bargain. *Do not delay, but send your order NOW.*

THE UNIVERSAL STORES, Ltd. (J.B.1). Devonshire St., Ardwick, MANCHESTER. Est. 1900

Send a Guinea—Save a Guinea

Why Do Men Adore Her?

She may be several years older than the majority of her friends, but she has an irresistible attraction which keeps her looking more youthful than her years. It is a soft, smooth skin and fresh complexion.

Her secret is the use of Mousse of Cream. Blending a little Mousse of Cream with your face powder makes it cling to the skin all day in spite of rainy weather or perspiration while dancing. Its continued use will soon banish a shiny nose permanently. The Mousse of Cream in Poudre Tokalon is scientifically blended in just the right proportion during the process of its manufacture. This is an exclusive and patented Tokalon process. Invisible on the skin, Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, youthful complexion and has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fascinating. It gives the complexion that indescribable freshness and youthful attractiveness that men adore. Only 1/- a box, or in handsome refill Compacts 1/3.

7/9 DOWN BRINGS YOU THIS 6FT. RILEY BAGATELLE TABLE

On seven days' free trial, carriage paid. Pay balance in 12 monthly instalments of 7/9. Cash price £6/10/0. Other sizes are 7ft. and 8ft. Send for Price List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Lane Works, ACCRINGTON.

12 Years Billiard Tables. Write for details.

6/- ONLY WITH ORDER

A *TRULY marvellous Bargain Opportunity. A beautifully tailored Coat in fine quality faced cloth with Nutria Coney Collar & Cuffs, for only* 45/-

MARVEL with three-position collar.

'MARVEL' This English Tailor-made Winter Coat is produced in good quality Faced Cloth. Cut in the newest fashionable style, it has a sumptuous Fur Collar (which may be worn in 3 positions) of pulled Nutria Coney, and deep "flowerpot" shaped cuffs to match. The garment is slightly shaped at the waist, and is lined with good quality artificial silk brocade. A smart slide and strap hold the collar in place when worn in the upright position.

Shades: New Autumn Brown, Rifle Green, Navy; and Black.

Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. and O.S. **Lengths:** 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46ins. **Price** 45/-

Larger sizes & longer lengths slightly extra.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS POST FREE.

TERMS. Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 6/- now and complete purchase in 6 monthly payments of 6/6 if satisfied. Full approval.

WHEN ORDERING be sure to state the correct Size, Length and Colour required, and give your exact measurement.

FASHION ALBUM POST FREE.

WRITE for the Graves Range of Fashionable Skeen Coats, Two and Three Piece Suits, Costumes, Frocks &c. **Patterns Post Free.** State Patterns required.

Collar fastened.

Sketch showing back of collar

FASHIONABLE FURS ON EASY TERMS.

We offer unrivalled value in all the favourite Furs—Fox, Skunk, Opossum, Raum Marten, Squirrel, Marmot, etc.—and every lady should write for our beautifully Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free; also list of Fashionable Fur Trimmings at Keenest Bargain Prices

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

10 YEARS' AGONY RELIEVED

★ RHEUMATISM ★

SPEEDILY CONQUERED.

Dear Sirs, *London, S.E.1.*

I have had rheumatism in my feet for 10 years, being the after effects of those wet and muddy days which thousands like myself experienced in France.

I have tried all so-called cures which have failed to give me relief. I was having a conversation with a gentleman who advised me to try Urace as they had done him good, and I am glad to say the same myself now.

I hope all ex-Service men and others will take my advice and give Urace a trial if they are sufferers.

Yours truly,

Mr. Roberts (late R.F.A. Gunner).

The cause of Rheumatism and kindred complaints lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters—YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes *Rheumatism*—OUT OF THE BLOOD. URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities, and makes relief certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, sprays, appliances, belts, and treatments have failed.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Box From Boots, Timothy White Co., Taylor's & all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas St., London, S.E.1

URACE TABLETS

for Rheumatism, Neuralgia Lumbago, Gout, Cramp, Influenza, Backache, Nerve Pains, Kidney Troubles, Sciatica, etc., etc.

BEDDING BALES GIVEN AWAY

DON'T MISS THIS ASTOUNDING OFFER. We are giving quite FREE one complete Bedding Bale to all who purchase our 40/- BEDDING BALE.

The 40/- Bale contains:—
ONE ART DOWN QUILT, beautiful centre and panels to blend.
PAIR of WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, whipped edge and bordered.
ONE handsome **ALHAMBRA QUILT,** in charming designs.
PAIR of FINE HEAVY SHEETS, Lancashire woven.
PAIR of PILLOW CASES, pure white, neatly hemmed.
ONE BOLSTER CASE.

ALL FOR FULL-SIZE DOUBLE BEDS.

MONEY REFUNDED if not completely satisfied. ORDER NOW, and get 2 bales for your 40/-

This bale **FREE**

OUR FREE BALE is guaranteed same quality as our 40/- Bale:—
ONE ALHAMBRA QUILT.
PAIR WOOLLY BLANKETS.
PAIR FINE SHEETS.
PAIR PILLOW CASES or ONE BOLSTER CASE.

UNIVERSAL DRAPERY CO.
(Dept. 32), 122, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

We give you the choice of two magnificent instruments—a high-class Portable Model, or a magnificent Table Grand Model, EACH WITH 10 DOUBLE SIDED RECORDS (20 SUPERB SELECTIONS).

TERMS Send 5/- now, stating clearly whether you desire the Portable Model, or the Table Model. A complete purchase in 12 monthly payments of 5/-

THE GRAVES PORTABLE MODEL covered with waterproof leather cloth, nickel-plated corners, smooth running, 10in Turntable, Speed Regulator, Magnified Sound Box, Receptacle in lid for Records. Price complete (with 10 DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS) £3.10.0

THE GRAVES TABLE MODEL is of handsomely figured and polished Oak. Fitted with powerful Motor with reliable Worm Gear Drive. All components of the highest excellence. Newest improved type of reproducer. Price (with 10 DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS) £3.10.0

CATALOGUE POST FREE. Horn, Record Cabinet, Portable, Table Models. Prices and Easy Payment Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Flying FINANCIER'S Shower of Paper

THE amazing operations of an exceptionally clever company shark, whose headquarters are located in a sumptuously furnished suite of offices in Holborn Viaduct House, London, E.C., should engage the immediate attention of Scotland Yard.

This truly astounding personality is known as Sydney M. Godfrey, whose organisation has been developed to a pitch of perfection; but a long and close investigation has enabled us to reveal for the first time the complete story of his operations.

It is only a few years since Mr. Godfrey was convicted for stealing chocolates on Brighton pier.

He actually began life in his father's cheap jack shop in Petticoat Lane Market. To-day he owns two costly cars, controls a small army of workers, entertains royally at a Park Lane address and often charters a mammoth 'plane for business trips to the Continent.

He owes his meteoric rise to the practice of methods which, if clever, are undeniably crooked. He has achieved prosperity by selling trashy shares.

Three strings to pull

Most financiers of Godfrey's kidney operate through a bogus financial paper; Godfrey controls three such publications.

Prominent in his camp is Captain R. C. Vincent, who at one time possessed a first-class name on the Stock Exchange. A good financial writer, he has occupied the editorial chair on two of Godfrey's papers—*Financial Intelligence* and *The Financial Independent*.

Both boomed the stock that Godfrey wished to sell, and though this was accomplished through Vincent's facile pen, Godfrey was the real author.

The third paper now used by Godfrey to push doubtful shares is called *British Industry and Finance*, once the property of the late Mr. Paul Long, financier and printer, but which has changed in character since his death two years ago.

To-day Godfrey uses the same block of offices at Holborn Viaduct House, while "B.I.F." as the paper is familiarly termed, is busily saying nice things about Mr. Godfrey's pet undertakings.

While Mr. Paul Long was alive,

Mr. E. C. Fulton prosecuted Mello

Monty Banks, the famous screen star. Mello impudently claimed friendship with him

Mr. Dummett, the magistrate who tried Mello

JOHN BULL was favoured with a weekly copy of *B.I.F.*, but since its change of policy the "free list" as far as we are concerned has been suspended!

Amongst the various shares boomed by one or another of these papers are those of British Standard Securities Investment Corporation.

Its first subscribers, it is interesting to note, were two people—and both dummies—who were at one time employed on one of the three papers concerned.

The present directors of this "corporation"—in which numerous people have been induced to take up worthless shares—are Godfrey's editor, Captain Vincent, and another of his hirelings named Parker. Both received a salary from Godfrey, who remains well behind the scenes.

Mystery patents

Another Godfrey venture for which investors have been found by similar means is called the Cheap Electric Power Corporation, Ltd., which professes to hold a wonderful patent for the generation of electricity.

It has an authorised capital of £100,000, and was registered by an individual named Walter Cranbourne.

This man, incidentally, is likewise an employee of Godfrey's, and acts as secretary for other of the latter's undertakings.

Our enquiries show that the person principally interested in the sale to the Corporation of the wonderful patent for a large figure is a Mr. A. E. Stevens.

Although only a young man, Mr. Stevens has long been associated with various impudent company ventures in which the public has been robbed. He is a close confederate of J. Howard Harvey, who is known to Scotland Yard as one of the worst company swindlers in existence.

Stevens is said to have been paid £19,000 for this patent. It would be interesting to know how he became possessed of it.

Another Godfrey wild cat scheme is Penhalonga West Rhodesia, Ltd., about which a warning has already appeared in these columns. *B.I.F.* is still booming its shares, and people are now being induced by Godfrey and his clique to exchange valuable securities for its worthless stock.

The Magistrate said—

The chairman in this concern is Sir Logie Elphinstone. We advise him to study the undertakings of Mr. Godfrey a little more closely.

The type of person selected by Godfrey to aid him in his ventures is illustrated by the case of a "swell" American named Edward Mello, who was recently arrested at the Piccadilly Hotel, London, on a charge of suspected robbery.

Mello made various serious allegations against the police that were soon exploded, and in sending him to jail and ordering his deportation, the magistrate, Mr. Dummett, said the evidence proved that he was a member of a "clever gang of crooks."

The people whom Mr. Dummett had in mind were really Mr. Sydney Godfrey, of Park Lane, who had also employed Mello, and some of his associates.

Clearly the affairs of Mr. Sydney Godfrey demand investigation on the part of the Public Prosecutor.

COLD WATER on TROUBLED OIL

Weekly Informations—from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

I AM the target for countless enquiries about shares now offered to the investing public on amazingly "easy terms."

The offer is being made by the Constantine Oilfields, Ltd., of 9, Broad Street Place, London, E.C., and the mass of printed matter which this firm is sending out affords me infinite amusement.

The Constantine Oilfields proposition is no new thing. Cobwebs of age are settling upon it, for the present company itself dates back to 1923, and it was *then* only a reconstruction of a concern floated in 1912.

I have not heard of any shareholder who has received a dividend during the seventeen years of its chequered career.

* * *

But the past history does not appear to have damped the enthusiasm of the chairman, a Mr. A. E. Chapman, if I am to judge from the speech he made at the recent general meeting. With strange candour, he declared that "nothing is really known as to the oil contents of our property," in America. "It may be that we own a rich oilfield. Who can tell?"

The answer is, "Nobody." The value is as vague to-day as it was in the beginning.

But Mr. Chapman is the supreme optimist. He not only pronounced the balance-sheet to be satisfactory, but proudly added that the company still had "money with which to keep the home fires burning," and that it owed nothing.

A copy of the balance-sheet is before me at this moment, and, but for the thought of all the people whose money is involved, I should be disposed to laugh aloud.

It has spent £7,899 18s. 11d. on preliminary and administrative expenses, and its bank balance at the moment is reduced to £19 odd. Not a very rosy outlook for the "home fires."

Yet it is proposed to convert £64,000 of unissued ordinary shares into preferred ordinary shares, to be offered on "most easy terms" of 2d. per 2s. share on application and allotment, and 3d. a month.

Let me say frankly that the whole scheme should be shunned, for it is one of the many ramps run by A. G. Kindell, a notorious company shark who has been repeatedly denounced in these columns.

* * *

One word of warning in regard to an offer being made by Trial Productions, Ltd., of 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

A reader answered an advertisement calling for amateur dramatists and was favoured with a prospectus of this company, which, with a nominal capital of £1,000, is designed to "afford amateur dramatists an opportunity of securing public presentation of their efforts by means of a trial production on the stage of a theatre in the West End of London."

Under the heading "Profits from Plays" is grouped a number of popular successes, one of which is stated to have brought in £50,000. This proves nothing, for it would be the simplest thing in the world to compile a far more formidable list of "losses from plays"; but on this side of the question the prospectus is discreetly silent.

Apart from the obvious speculative nature of such a venture, I note that the founder is none other than Henry Allen Ashton, whose financial record is not one to be extolled.

* * *

I see that Arthur Lewis, the bogus oculist and sun-ray quack, whose activities in this country were exclusively exposed in JOHN BULL, has met with a warm reception in South Africa.

Finding that his record was known there, he impudently sued a Johannesburg paper, the *Sjambok*, for libel, claiming £3,000 damages.

This did not muzzle the paper, however, and he has now withdrawn his action and paid the necessary costs.

I congratulate the editor of the *Sjambok* for his firm stand.

Something to sing about!

places the best Custard within reach of all.

"More for your money. New enlarged packet."

BIRD'S
The Pure Custard

Packets 1½d. 6½d. 10½d. Family Tins 1/3½d.

C.1918

MESSRS. CATESBYS Ltd., Dept. T19), LONDON, W.1.
Please send me your Style Book and Pattern Pieces of Cloth.
Full Name .....
Full Address .....
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SEND COUPON. GET PATTERNS. BE CONVINCED

YOU do not have to buy because you send for the patterns. We want you to have them so as to prove to you that you can get a better made-to-measure Suit from us, carriage paid right to your door, than you could get from any other tailor at the same price. We satisfy you or return your money. That's a fair proposition, isn't it? All right, then. Just send a request and by return we will send you style book, self-measurement form and patterns of fine suitings. Then you can compare the value and judge for yourself.

'BURLITON' SUIT MADE-TO-MEASURE
50/- EASY TERMS NO EXTRAS.
CATESBYS LTD.
(Dept. T19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Don't wear Braces! wear a "SPAN"

Patent Half Belt

A wonderful new idea for trousers!

With the 'SPAN' Bracer, trousers hang perfectly. Shirt does not ride up. Shoulders are free. No unhealthy abdominal compression. One 'SPAN' BRACER can be used for any number of pairs of trousers. Quickly interchangeable, yet once fixed, always in position. For flannels, breeches, evening dress or business wear. Amazingly comfortable! Made of finest silk-web elastic and lasts for years.

the 'SPAN' BRACER

ORDER-BY-POST if your outfitter does not stock. In Black, Grey or White, with set of self-fixing threadless buttons, and our guarantee of satisfaction. (Additional sets of buttons 3d. per set.) Give wrist measurement. No goods sent C.O.D. Enclose Cheque or Money Order.

Patent Half Belt
The 'SPAN' BRACER CO. (Dept. 15)
Castle Green, Bristol, Eng.
Post Free 4'9
7 *Trade enquiries invited* Foreign Post 3d. extra

SPEAKER AND SET COMBINED
INCLUDING VALVES, BATTERIES & ROYALTY

Batteries, three valves, 4-pole balanced armature speaker, and all components, built into one handsome solid mahogany cabinet—compact, easily movable, yet with a range equal to that of many an elaborately cumbersome and high-priced set. Here is a receiver as perfect as money can buy, but at a price you can pay. Hear it at your dealer's, and ask him for deferred payment terms.

Price, including Royalty, Cossor New Process Valves, and all batteries ... £12-12-0
Receiver and Speaker, including Royalty but without valves and batteries. .. £9-15-0

Delivered to your door on a first payment of - - - 22/-

BROWNIE
DOMINION CONSOLE

BROWNIE WIRELESS (G.B.) LTD., Nelson Street Works, Mornington Crescent, LONDON, N.W.1.

7/6 NOW
THE
GRAVES
'ENTERPRISE'
BARGAIN BALE
Of warranted excellence and unquestionable merit. Stands supreme as the
WORLD'S FINEST VALUE
The Bale contains:-
2 super quality White Woollen Blankets of remarkable durability and excellence. Blue borders and Whipped edges, size 60 x 80ins, weight 8lbs pair.
White Fleecy Blankets of superb quality. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 90ins, weight 5½lbs pair.
2 White Pillow Cases, size 20 x 30ins. Excellent finish
1 Bolster Case to match, 60ins. Splendid quality
2 heavy unbleached Bolton hemmed Twill sheets, size 70 x 90ins, weight 4lb
1 Fadeless Alhambra Quilt in Red, Sky or Navy, size 74 x 94ins, weight 3lbs
1 Bed Rug in hand-some check design, soft, warm & finished with whipped edges size 60 x 80ins.
1 lovely Wadded Quilt 66 x 84ins, weight 4lbs.
Price £4/16
TERMS: Send 7/6 now, and complete purchase in 11 monthly payments of 7/6. Without Approval. Money refunded if disappointed.
CATALOGUE POST FREE
J. G. GRAVES Ltd.
SHEFFIELD.

GRAMOPHONES
In Good as New Condition
AT HALF PRICE

By Instalments. Up-to-date Gramophones, Wireless, Cameras, etc., taken as part payment. Write for complete list of Gram phone Bargains.

CITY SALE & EXCHANGE (1929), LTD., *Dept. "A," 94, FLEET STREET, E.C.*

ZAM-BUK
Marvellous For Healing
Ulcers & Bad Legs

HEADACHES
NEURALGIA—TOOTHACHE

Anti Kamnia Tablets relieve headache neuralgia, toothache, and quiet the nerves. Prescribed by doctors for nearly 40 years. 'A-K' Tablets also stop pains of rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, women's pains etc. Banish insomnia and nervousness, promote restful sleep. 25 millions used annually. Of Chemists everywhere 1/3. *Write for Free Sample:* Anti-Kamnia (Dept. L2), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

AK Anti-Kamnia
Quick Relief from Pains and Aches

For Infants, Invalids and the Aged

Neave's Food is *so* delicious and nourishing that Babies love it and grow sturdy. Invalids quickly regain health and strength.

The aged enjoy increased vitality.

Neave's Food
On Sale everywhere
6d. 1/8, 3/9

Huge BEER FRAUD

Councillor Joseph Wilson, of Sunderland, will hold the mirror up to the brewers, and he should be supported by Dr. Marion Phillips, one of Sunderland's M.P.s.

BY secretly practising a most despicable form of profiteering a number of the largest brewery firms all over the country have been steadily robbing the public for years.

Their illicit proceeds, to give a moderate estimate, are probably in the region of £50,000 yearly.

How have they got away with it? Largely because they have made tools of their employees, who have had either to comply with their preposterous demands or find themselves out of work.

We have just investigated the scandal very thoroughly, and have no hesitation in presenting the facts to the public.

Briefly, we have discovered that it is a common practice for certain brewers and their agents to demand a return from their managers that is grossly in excess of the retail value of their stocks.

Figures vary slightly, so do the methods; but the result is always the same—the extra cash comes out of the public pocket.

Some brewers definitely demand what is termed a "surplus" of from 3 per cent. to 6 per cent. This means that a public-house manager must return from £103 to £106, though, strictly speaking, he has only £100 worth of beer to retail.

Other brewers, while not putting forward a demand in this way, make no allowance to their managers for waste in working off the beer or for the hops and other sediment left in the barrels.

* * *

This may amount to 1½ or 2 gallons per 36-gallon barrel; yet the managers are expected to return cash for the full 36 gallons.

So managers who wish to hold their jobs must of necessity stoop to practices which are outside the pale of the law.

One manager with ten years' experience assures us that within his knowledge beer that should be sold at 5d. a pint has been sold at 6d., while sixpenny beer has been put up to sevenpence, and so on.

Another subterfuge that has come within his experience is the use of nine- or even eight-ounce glasses instead of the Imperial half-pint, or ten-ounce glass.

With the same end of providing the profit insisted upon by certain brewers, whisky which should by law be retailed at 1s. 2d. a glass is substituted for special brands for which 1s. 4d. is the recognised price.

* * *

Some brewers tell their managers that the desired "surplus" can be made quite easily by heavily frothing the glass, so that it is not filled with beer to the brim.

Any manager will tell you that legitimate "tops" will never yield as much as 3 per cent. surplus, and, as already pointed out, some brewers expect 6 per cent.

Some public-houses in the areas with which we are concerned are paying as much as £50 a week in surplus.

Often managers cannot contrive to squeeze this out of their customers by the methods outlined above, and cases have come to our notice where they have made up the difference out of their own pockets in order to retain their jobs.

The names of at least eight brewery firms have cropped up in the course of our investigations, and while some are more hardened offenders than others, not one can be held utterly blameless.

Although considerable indignation exists amongst public-house managers, they have their livelihood to consider and are at a loss to know how they can fight against the preposterous conditions imposed upon them by their powerful employers.

* * *

A manager whom we have interviewed, and who can boast thirty years' experience, threw up his post with a big firm after six months because he would not comply with its demands for a 6 per cent. "surplus." He preferred to look for work elsewhere rather than rob the public.

He must be taken as an exception. In most cases managers have to swallow their scruples—unless they want to see their families starve.

One encouraging gleam in the course of our investigations was the discovery that Councillor Joseph Wilson, A.M.I.Mech.E., of Sunderland, is alive to the evil and intends to probe the allegations to the full.

He aims at introducing a motion to instruct the Sunderland Watch Committee to collect all possible evidence of alleged illicit returns, the use of scant glasses, and all methods operating against the public.

Meanwhile we feel that the scandal should be thoroughly investigated by the Excise authorities.

In MILLIONAIRES' Plumes

AN advertising agent in the Midlands with a moderate connection was pleasantly surprised the other day to receive a visit from a stranger, who tendered a visiting-card which described him as Mr. R. C. Spurin, publicity expert for the millionaire cotton firm of Messrs. J. and P. Coats.

Mr. Spurin, an extremely well-dressed person of sixty or so, explained that he had just put up a novel advertising proposition to Messrs. Coats, and had persuaded them to agree to his employing small agents throughout the country, instead of placing the campaign in the hands of one of the larger publicity firms.

"The larger firms are all very well," declared Mr. Spurin, "but they are so swamped with business that they cannot give undivided attention to a scheme of this sort."

The listening agent was naturally very impressed, and inwardly felt delighted to think that such a wonderful opportunity should have come his way.

If he was inclined to feel incredulous at first, all his doubts vanished when Mr. Spurin presently handed him a letter purporting to be on Messrs. Coats' notepaper, officially appointing him as representative for that particular district.

Confidentially, Mr. Spurin showed the agent a sheaf of other letters appointing agents.

Then, with evident diffidence, he added that he had underestimated his expenses, and, as his next allowance from Messrs. Coats was being forwarded to a town that he would not reach for some days, he would be deeply indebted if the agent could advance him a little money.

* * *

The agent readily agreed and Mr. Spurin then departed.

Alas! The agent's high hopes were quickly shattered when he found that Mr. Spurin was an impostor.

Our enquiries show that Spurin has repeated this identical fraud in all parts of the country.

The letters which he distributes so convincingly are all forgeries; and the printer who innocently supplied the notepaper and visiting-cards to his order has been left with an unpaid bill.

Spurin, a short, slim man, with a close-cropped, grey moustache, is a forger of considerable ability, and has a long criminal record.

It is to be hoped that this exposure of his methods will curtail his "campaign" and lead to his early arrest.

'Ware this GENIAL HOST!

PEOPLE who are thinking of investing money in order to obtain employment should beware of a well-dressed man of middle-age who, although he looks most benevolent in gold-rimmed glasses, is dangerous to meet.

His name is John Travers and he poses as the new proprietor of a fashionable country hotel which, under his expert management, will soon develop into a first-class money-making proposition, catering only for exclusive guests.

At a London office the other day, Mr. Travers unfolded an inspiring story to a young man, who got in touch with him through an advertisement calling for a first-class steward.

The applicant could claim previous experience in this capacity. He was greatly impressed by the obviously expert knowledge of hotel management displayed by Mr. Travers.

* * *

This, more than anything, led him to believe that he was being offered a wonderful opportunity for "getting in" with a sound undertaking.

Mr. Travers explained that he had just acquired control of the Letchworth Hall Hotel, in Hertfordshire, and had decided to introduce an entirely new staff.

Successful applicants for the better posts would be required to deposit a small cash security as a guarantee of their integrity, but this would be returned as soon as they had proved their worth.

Col. Turnbull: "... he should instruct"

Pleased with the prospects, the applicant handed over £100.

But when he kept a subsequent appointment with a view to receiving definite instructions from his new employer, Mr. Travers did not turn up. In fact, he has not been seen by the £100 investor since.

Investigation shows that the whole story of his supposed purchase of the Letchworth Hall Hotel was a well-told lie.

Travers, we have discovered, is an alias cloaking the identity of a rascal named William Edward Edwards, about whom several complaints have been lodged with the police.

Colonel Turnbull, the Chief Commissioner of the City of London Police, should instruct one of his officers to investigate the operations of Travers at once.

THE REAL HAIR GROWER

SENT FREE

Douglas Dew.

My amazing offer to all who desire to grow hair

I HEREBY offer to send a testing sample of my wonderful hair-growing preparation absolutely free to any person who asks for it, and who will agree to use it according to my simple directions. If this is done I am positive that the results will be surprisingly gratifying.

I ask you particularly to try my preparation if you have tried others without success

Many of the commendatory letters that come to hand are from persons who, having tried various advertised preparations for hair growth with no obvious results, have used mine with the utmost satisfaction, there being a palpable growth started after a few applications.

In cases where people have been bald for years, or where the hair has fallen out because of disease, the use of my preparation has brought a vast number of genuine testimonials. For forcing hair where it does not show a tendency to grow, also in arresting the falling out of hair, my preparation is wonderful in effect.

A TEST COSTS YOU NOTHING

So great has been the demand for my hair grower that I am receiving orders from all parts of the world. People in distant lands write that they never knew of such a remarkable hair grower before.

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I will send a tin of my preparation and a bottle of my Liquid Shampoo for testing, with letter of directions, in a plain, sealed covering, promptly on receipt of three penny stamps for postage and packing, etc. Write name and address in block letters. Address me at

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Mention JOHN BULL

Romances of our Million Dead

THE Romance of the War Dead would take volumes to record, but we can at least locate its beginning in the one overwhelming and universal desire of the relatives at home to discover *where* their dear ones are laid to rest.

That is everything. The exact spot. Yet even the unsuccessful ones may obtain a meed of comfort from the knowledge that not one of those more than a million who laid down their lives for the Empire has been forgotten.

Every one, even of the 318,000 who lie there with no known graves, either is or will be commemorated on headstone or memorial or tablet of some description—*near the spot where he fell.*

For fifteen years now the work of sifting, recording and then maintaining has been going on unceasingly.

The small Mobile Unit of the British Red Cross attached to the French Cavalry who first took this matter in hand a month after war was declared, has expanded to that vast organisation known as the Imperial War Graves Commission, headed by the Prince of Wales.

Roses for Jim

Its main job, apart from the actual maintaining of cemeteries, is to satisfy the still piteous but imperative cry of the bereaved: *Where* is he buried?

Gradually, though persistent demands for exact details are pouring in even now, the work of recording and identifying is being brought to a close; but not the whole work of the Commission. That will never cease till England and the British Empire are no more.

In every theatre of war and in the belligerent countries now at peace, picked men of the Commission's permanent staff are tending those graves.

Here is romance that will never die. Think of those 2,367 cemeteries in France and Belgium alone, one of them (Tyne Cot) with nearly 12,000 graves. Go and see them and experience your greatest thrill. For you will find that the million dead are still living.

Their homes are in vast gardens designed by the greatest architects of the day, profuse with flowers in artistic colour schemes. And their servants in scores of cases are old friends from their own battalions.

These gardeners look upon their charges as living beings. A remark such as:

"I must just see to those roses in front of old Jim," can be called a commonplace.

Many and poignant are the true stories you will hear of both the living and the dead.

Mouth-organ requiem

They will tell you of the white-haired man who, after gazing at his son's resting-place, was seen to fumble in his pocket and at last pulled out a battered old mouth-organ.

"Wait a minute," he said brokenly to other pilgrims. And with the tears raining down his cheeks he played to his lost boy the heart-stirring melody of "Home, Sweet Home."

You may hear of the woman from the mining district who was left alone with her son, as is the usual custom. When the guide who escorted her came back he found the woman's coat spread over the grave, and the woman herself lying with her arm stretched across it. He went up to her, thinking she was ill, but she waved him away.

"It's all right," she said. "When my boy came up cold from the pit I always

She never misses her annual excursion

used to lie him down with a coat over him. I thought maybe he'd like warming now."

Sometimes one finds an amazing note of comedy in the behaviour of these pilgrims

One woman had been taken over to see the grave of her husband, who had been buried with five others of his regiment.

"Where is he?" she asked the guide. "Which is my husband?"

"As far as we know he's with the five others," said the guide.

She looked at the spot, walked away a pace or two, turned round and stood, hands on hips:

"Well, well," she said, "you're just the same. I never knew where you were when you were alive. And now I don't know where you are when you're dead."

Many of the poorer pilgrims come out every year under the care of the Salvation Army, who run hostels at Ypres and Arras for the purpose. But even this costs money.

One widow from the Shadwell district, in the poorest circumstances, never misses her annual excursion to be with her favourite son for a few hours.

This is how she does it. Every evening after her day's work she sews buttons on cards for some firm that requires this work done. Thus she makes a pound or two, and just before the pilgrimage she has a whip-round from the other seven children who are left, which usually produces enough, with the proceeds of her button-sewing, to pay expenses.

A regular pilgrim is an old lady who is now eighty-six.

And there is a Brigadier-General who every year spends a whole morning at the graveside of a C.O. of one of his battalions. With him invariably goes his wife. She is the widow of the Colonel who was killed.

I have told you nothing of the remarkable coincidences, of the intricate detective work done by the Graves Commission in the identification of bodies by means of the barest clues, such as a pipe or a cigarette-case.

Coincidences

There are the historic instances of the relatives who, being unable to locate a body determined to put up a memorial, and found the dead soldier in the ground where the foundations of it were being dug.

There was the chaplain who buried eight Cameron Highlanders in a field without landmarks, and after nine years, when exhaustive searches by working parties had proved unsuccessful, went back to an entirely changed countryside and walked straight to the spot.

One of two men stationed in an advanced post had been carrying a letter he had written home and had just handed it to the other to read. The man who took the letter was killed at that moment.

Being found with the letter in his possession it was naturally concluded that he was the writer, and he was buried under that name.

Years after, in the course of going through records, it was discovered that a man of this name and regiment had survived the war and been discharged.

When he was eventually found he at once recalled the writing of the letter, and the inscription on the grave of the other man was altered.

These identifications and recordings continue unceasingly.

The dead are never neglected, never lonely. For even when all possible recording is completed thousands of pilgrims every year, who come to mourn and go away to marvel at the interest and beauty of it all, will be their guests.

Girls remember

Apart from personal interest, apart from the attraction of these rose-laden gardens, the graves of the unidentified alone are moving enough to draw people for ever to these sacred spots.

Gone are the little wooden crosses, finished products of R.E. workshops, or two pieces of rough wood fastened together, which are to-day the most cherished possessions in many a British home. In their places have risen equally simple yet durable and dignified headstones. They bear this plain inscription:

A SOLDIER OF THE GREAT WAR.
KNOWN UNTO GOD.

The tragic scenes that were witnessed at gravesides when relatives first came out and often had to be assisted out of the cemeteries, are now past. But the devotion is still there.

To this day French villagers with whom the troops were billeted are making little parties to visit the graves on which they lay their humble posies.

The mademoiselles of those days may now be grown into mothers with families.

Yet they do not forget.

The Human Machine

THOUGHTS *that* COME

IF you were asked, "Can you think?" you would probably regard your questioner as a lunatic. You would hardly deign to give him an answer.

Yet it would not be such a silly question after all. There are not so very many people in the world who can think in the sense of original thoughts instead of merely echoing opinions.

You can easily test your ability to think. Take a piece of paper at the end of the day, and write down a few constructive criticisms of the things you have seen and the questions you have dealt with. Write down what you think, not what somebody else thinks.

You will find that it is easy to echo and mighty hard to originate. You will find that to think your own thoughts is not the simple thing you imagined it to be.

Take, for instance, such an everyday topic as unemployment. What are your views on it? How do you think it should be tackled? Think it out, and then put your ideas down on paper. You won't find it easy to fill even one sheet with your very own ideas.

A German professor recently summed up what is really the key to original constructive thought. "Only the man who is able to realise beforehand, by the use of his imagination, a situation with all its details can take measures for bringing about the final result at which he aims."

What we should remember is that the ability to think originally and constructively can be acquired and cultivated, and that the leaders of men are those who have taken the trouble to do it.

And don't forget that there is, and always will be, a shortage of leaders.

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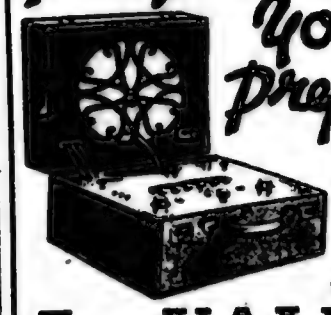

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IN

"John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 35.

Correct solutions to "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 35 were received from the following three competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £166 13s. 4d. will be despatched:—

Mr. H. M. Gray, 32, Mayfield Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Miss N. Lonz, 1, Strawberry Street, Armley, Yorks.

Mr. J. H. Twinn, 7, Collett Road, Bermondsey, S.E.16.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 28 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 15s. 9d.

Bailey, Mrs. S., 3, Welles Street, Sandbach, Ches.
Birch, J., 374, White Wood Cross Roads, Keighley.
Bovey, J., 111, Cottenham Road, N.19.
Bryan, Miss H., 3, Thoratree Avenue, Burnbank, Lanarks.
Brickley, T., 15, Muriel Street, South Moor, Stanley, Durham.
Calverley, H. G., 56, Holly Road, Thornton Lodge, Huddersfield.
Campbell, Miss C., 20, Ardleg Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.
Chopper, L., 84, Linden Road, Ashford, Kent.
Cliff, W. J., 117, Rosefield Road, Smethwick, Staffs.
Collinson, J., 10, Trentlock Avenue, Walker Estate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Davies, T. M., 4, Belle Vue Terrace, Penarth, Glam.
Dobson, Miss J. L., 58, Jer Lane, Horton Bank Top, Bradford.
Flack, A., Post Office Lane, Long Stanton, Cmbs.
Fox, H., 33, Garthehill Street, Grimsby.
Gillett, J., 14, Jane Street, Commercial Road, E.
Griffiths, Mrs. E., 294, Court Street, Tonypandy, Rhondda.
Hawes, Mrs., Post Office, Langford, Maldon, Essex.
Hynd, C., 12, Parkneuk, Dunfermline, Fife.
Jelley, W. H., 59, Pool Road, Smethwick, Staffs.
Lager, F., Acle, Norwich.
Lee, Mrs. W., 41, Dorset Street, Tiverton, Bath.
McLellan, Z., Rosslyn, St. Asaph, N. Wales.
Osborne, F., 41, Winifred Street, Swindon.
Reid, Mrs. A., 2a, Wharf Road, E.14.
Slack, J. R., 224, Arkwright Street, Nottingham.
Smith, A. F., 6, High Street, Rochester, Kent.
Stanley, C., 24, Bowring Street, Dingle, Liverpool.
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Can the LION hold his CUBS?

by A. G. GARDINER

Placid, but in a very thoughtful mood

LORD IRWIN'S declaration on the future of India has raised a dust-storm in the political world. The Liberals complain that he has anticipated the issue of the Report of the Simon Commission. The Conservatives—some of them—are angry at the allegations, apparently quite erroneous, that Mr. Baldwin has been a consenting party to the Viceroy's declaration.

The real fact, I take it, is that Lord Irwin felt that he had no choice. The ten years period of the Montagu reforms expires this year, and India demanded some assurance as to what was to follow.

Lord Irwin has given that assurance. He has reaffirmed the Declaration of 1917 that the establishment of Dominion status is the goal of British policy in India.

The next step to the achievement of that ideal is to be decided by a Conference of all the British and Indian interests to be held in London after the issue of the Simon Report.

THERE is no more momentous task before the Government than this. Let us look at what is involved in it.

The whole world is heaving with unrest, and India is perhaps the biggest of all the volcanoes that are in eruption. It is certainly the most perilous of the volcanoes with which this country has to deal.

It is not an isolated volcano. India is the central pillar of that Imperial system on which we are in the habit of boasting that the "sun never sets."

Disaster there would mean disaster everywhere. Nothing less than the fate of the British Empire is involved in our handling of this great matter.

And in this connection it must be remembered that we play a very lone hand. The British Empire is not loved by the outside world.

It is less loved to-day than it has ever been, for the mood of the time is against Imperialism, and there is a widespread dislike of us as the one great Imperial Power left on the earth.

I think the dislike is unjust and unfounded. It is often motived by envy and it rests on the suspicion that we have benefited by the exploitation of subject peoples.

SEVENTY years ago Disraeli, writing to Lord Malmesbury, said, "Those wretched colonies will all be independent, too, in a few years, and are a millstone round our neck."

The "colonies" he referred to are no longer colonies; they are independent self-governing Dominions, bound to us by the ties of origin, language and good will, but really no more subject to us than the inhabitants of Peru or Mexico.

Are we any the worse off for this change in the status of our former colonies? Have we lost anything by their freedom? We have not. On the contrary, we have gained, for we have their affection and confidence instead of their enmity.

It might be argued that their independence enabled us to win the Great War, for if they had been oppressed and rebellious they would inevitably have been on the side of our enemies.

But, say our critics, that is all very well. You gave Australia, South Africa and Canada, their freedom because you could not help yourselves.

But what are you doing in India, Africa, the West Indies, Malta, Gibraltar, Burma, the Sudan, Iraq, Singapore, Hong Kong and the rest? Are you there for the good of the natives or by the wish of the natives or for what you can get out of it?

And they make no concealment of what they think about our motives and lose no opportunity of being unpleasant. America looks sourly at islands off her shores governed from London and used for naval stations and as jumping-off grounds for smuggling whisky into the States.

Russia, bent on making all the world dance to the piper at Moscow, sees the British Empire as the chief obstacle to her gospel, and intrigues against us throughout Asia, now in Turkey, now in Persia, now in China, and always in India, where she hopes to find the vulnerable heel of Achilles.

In short, the British Empire faces a hostile world. It is on its trial more definitely than in all its history, and is being "jollied" right and left, for reasons good or bad.

WE may think it unjust, but there is the fact, and we have to reckon with it.

There is only one ground on which we can ultimately defend the system and sustain it.

If it is merely an instrument for the aggrandisement of this small island in the North Sea its fate is sealed.

It can only survive in the modern world so long as it serves a useful purpose to those to whom it ministers and is accepted by them as necessary to their security and well-being.

If this condition is not fulfilled, it is not only right that we should go: it is to our advantage that we should go.

We have given up, after centuries of struggle, the attempt to hold Ireland, and who is there to-day who is not thankful that that millstone is no longer round our neck?

We are shedding our responsibilities in Egypt, and I have no doubt that the future will acclaim that as an equally wise and statesmanlike act. We shall gain by it morally and on the large reckoning we shall profit by it rather than lose by it financially.

I do not mean by this that we should pursue a policy of scuttle everywhere or anywhere.

BUT I do mean that in face of a world that has become sensitive about the ownership of subject peoples we have to justify our titles of possession by such a standard of service as wins the confidence and sanction of the governed.

India is the crucial case. I do not believe that we can quit India as we have quitted Ireland and Egypt. I do not believe that any responsible body of Indian opinion desires us to quit.

If we did that abruptly we should be guilty of a crime, for we should leave chaos behind us.

But we must adjust our methods of rule to the changing thoughts and aspirations of the Indian people. They are moving, like the rest of the world, towards the idea of self-government, and it is our business not to resist that movement but to welcome it and guide it wisely and justly, with an eye not on our own advantage but in the interests of the Indian people.

If the time comes when we can safely lay down our trust, it will be our duty to do so. But that time is not yet. The work must be done by stages. The Montagu reforms have had ten years' trial and the time has come for another advance to the goal of responsible government.

The Indian Central Committee have formulated their idea of what the next advance should be; but we await the Simon Report for a decisive lead, and the Conference summoned by the Viceroy should help us to evolve an agreed policy.

I hope that the policy will carry us a substantial step further towards the ideal of including India among the self-governing links of the British Empire.

And I am confident that what is good for India will be good in the long run for us.

Homely Wisdom by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The Lonely

"The worst of all diseases is loneliness"

A DISTINGUISHED journalist, James Douglas, has been telling us that during a severe illness he discovered one dreadful thing—namely, that the worst of all diseases is that of loneliness; not to be missed, to be forgotten, thrown back upon yourself, compelled to realise that in your deepest feelings, both of joy and sorrow, you can expect no companionship, no perfect sympathy or understanding.

These are my words, not his; but I think they express what he had in mind.

The same thing has frequently been said by others. The experience is one which comes to most people at some time in life.

As Rudyard Kipling puts it, the human soul is essentially a very lonely thing. We are born alone, die alone, and in the depths of our hearts we live alone.

In the words of Christina Rossetti:

"In joy I sat alone;
Even so I grieved;
Alone, and nothing said."

We all know at times the uselessness of speech; when nothing that we can say or do can convey our real feeling to someone estranged from us or misinterpreting our actions and unjustly blaming us. In such a case silence seems the only refuge; the more we say the worse the case becomes.

There are many thousands of people who go through life solitary, craving a companionship they never get, hungry for appreciation, or at least for someone to want them and believe in them, and the desire is never satisfied.

Some people are so made that they can put on an exterior of self-sufficiency and act as if their isolation did not matter.

Others cannot do this; they mourn and pine in darkness, vainly longing for a friendly hand to be stretched out or a loving voice to speak. God help them; theirs is a shadowed lot, though I should have called it an affliction rather than a disease, as James Douglas does.

Yet we are absolutely necessary to each other. As Mr. MacDonald said in Canada the other day, it is pure solid sense that we are members one of another and daily depend upon one another.

I am told that the most awful form of punishment that ever has to be endured in prison is that of solitary confinement. If it be long continued the prisoner will be in danger of losing his reason—nothing to do but to think about himself, no one to speak to, no one to see.

We live in one another all the time, and life is most intense, most joyful, when we are pouring ourselves forth for one another in whatever form affords us opportunity.

To be shut up to yourself, eating your heart out in solitude, is unnatural and wrong. Seek out others if they do not seek you, and in the ministrations of love find the food your soul needs.

THE THREAT
of losing a trim slender figure

HOW TO AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

Ask your doctor! Over-weight is harmful. It makes for sluggish health and destroys the trim, slender figure of fashion. And over-weight is generally caused by eating between meals. So don't eat between meals. That's the time to **smoke a Kensitas instead.** Your desire will be pleasantly forgotten in the mellow satisfaction of the appetising aroma of Kensitas. Don't eat between meals, **smoke a Kensitas instead.**

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THE LORD SLAYER'S BANQUET

For Remembrance—

Without Fear or Favour More Millions in Armaments

NO amount of argument can override the fact that the civilised world is spending 30 per cent. more on armaments to-day than it did in 1913.

It is a startling reflection that could well occupy a place in everyone's thoughts on Armistice Day without in any way detracting from the solemnity of that tragic moment of remembrance.

We have long since ceased to talk of "The War to End War." That pregnant phrase, "Never again" has long since fallen into disuse.

Year by year, with sincerity and deep-rooted emotion, we pay our tribute to the fallen, but we are sadly in danger of losing sight of the realities of the present beneath the memories of the past.

Each year sees some ostensible advance towards the abolition of war; but what do pious phrases and, even more, pious pacts and agreements count against the £900,000,000 that is poured out each year to keep the instruments of war alive?

The test of aspirations is still deeds, and swollen armaments still mock the paper promises that are piling up at Geneva.

Even the first elementary step to peace still remains to be taken eleven years after the war. There is not even a sign that any government in the world is willing to prohibit once and for all the private manufacture of arms.

Yet until this is done there are secret and powerful interests to whom "war" and "business" will remain synonymous terms.

The Shearer sensation in America is already fading—so quickly does the world forget and so careless is it of its real interests. Yet that case revealed the war-mongers in as cynical a guise as they have ever adopted.

IT is no good indulging in self-deception. The Cenotaph in Whitehall enshrines poignant memories, but it also contains a bitter reproach.

We have not kept faith.

General Allenby's article on page 7 is really more remarkable for what it does not say than for what it does. At heart a pacifist, like all soldiers who have known the realities of war, he is too clear-sighted to believe that the victory has been won.

He cannot bring himself to say that mankind has seen the last of war, nor even to say that the possibility of war is remote. His article is as much a warning as an inspiration.

The past twelve months have seen more talk of peace than ever before in the history of the world; but it is probably also true to say that so much talk never before accomplished so little in actual result.

We will not say that statesmen still believe in war; but we cannot see that they disbelieve in it, despite the overwhelming evidence of their people's will.

Let us reverence our memories on Armistice Day, but do not let us forget even during the Two Minutes' Silence that the real battle has yet to be fought if the sacrifice of the dead is not to be rendered vain.

* * *

THE Select Committee which has just been established to enquire into the case for the abolition of the death penalty is a long overdue move. The retention of this barbaric and irrevocable punishment in our code of justice has been increasingly revolting the public conscience for years.

Burn the Black Cap

No fewer than eleven European countries have already abolished it, as have many of the American States, and the usual prediction that its abolition would be followed by an orgy of murders has been most strikingly refuted.

World-wide statistics show that in countries very like our own in the character of their population the substitution of life-long imprisonment for capital punishment has been followed by a decrease in the number of murders.

To our mind the chief argument against the death penalty is its assumption of the infallibility of the judgment of the Courts. For the Courts are not infallible.

In the first sixteen years after the Court of Criminal Appeal was established no fewer than 1,942 appeals were heard. In 10 per cent. of the cases the convictions were quashed altogether and in 234 cases the sentences were varied. That, apart altogether from the moral side of the question, makes one think.

THE scandal of the Companies Law has for long been a favourite topic of ours. We have hammered away at it in season and out—and hammered at it alone. We can claim no little credit for the fact that the new Companies Act is now in force. But although it tightens up some of the former scandalously lax provisions, it does not in our opinion go nearly far enough. It does nothing to protect the investor from his chief risk—the reckless over-capitalisation of new companies by incompetent or dishonest directors.

Loopholes to Fill Up

Speaking generally, we should say that by far the majority of financial crashes arise from this cause, and the investor has neither protection nor remedy.

The directors are, and remain, the sole judges of what a company can carry in the way of capital.

This, unfortunately, means that if their judgment is over-optimistic the investors' savings are in jeopardy from the start.

We have in mind a company, now wound up, which set off gaily with a capital of nearly £1,000,000.

Any competent business man could have said, and many did, that twenty or thirty thousand pounds would have been ample for the objects in view.

But the public accepted the rosy estimates in the prospectus—and lost its money in the inevitable crash.

MOREOVER, there is still far too much unrestricted power left to directors, who may, or may not, be competent to use other people's money to the best advantage.

There can never be any real safeguard for the investor until some definite steps are taken to assure that directors can in fact perform what they promise.

What the Companies Act still fails to touch is what we might well call the human side of finance.

Despite its hundreds of clauses, the small investor is as much the prey as ever he was to incompetence and roguery.

Men who BREAK the SACRED SILENCE

Frau Krupp von Bohlen, a daughter of the founder of Krupps, is enormously wealthy

THE "gun-runner" has always been a stock character of romance. The strong-jawed captain who brings his ship to the rendezvous at night somewhere off an unlighted coast; the hurried unloading of mysterious packing-cases into vessels which come alongside; subdued voices in the darkness in a foreign tongue—all these are good, reliable props for a novelist's scene.

But what the story-teller never says is that behind the strong-jawed skipper—a long, long way behind—are many cute and careful gentlemen who live in a very different atmosphere.

The public has hardly yet recovered from the shock of the revelations in the now notorious Shearer enquiry in the U.S.A., and of learning how the "will to peace" of its legislators and councillors could be thwarted by the machinations of the armaments "ring."

But to those who are aware of the elaborate and far-reaching organisation of the world's armament industry, of its ramifications and its influence in the seats of government, and in the world's channels of public opinion, the Shearer exposures would come as no surprise.

The world to-day spends the colossal sum of £900,000,000 a year on armaments. The terrible and significant fact is that this is 30 per cent. more than it spent in 1913.

The super-salesman

It is right that something should be known of those who help to perpetuate this gigantic madness.

How did the "ring" come into being?

It has been said that Sir Basil Zaharoff, "the mystery man of Europe," was responsible for its creation. But this is not quite correct. Zaharoff was merely a super-salesman of the ring. He found an organisation all ready to which his genius could only add a further perfection of detail.

The original founders of the "ring" were three German Jews, the Loewe brothers. They were born in Heiligenstadt of humble parentage. The elder brother, Ludwig, after a varied commercial career in several European capitals, settled in Berlin as an agent for several American factories.

He finally got into the armaments business by creating the enormous works known as the "Deutsche Waffen und Munitions Fabriken" in Berlin and Karlsruhe.

In factories all over the world they are now making the devil's playthings

"Sir Basil Zaharoff . . . . was the super-salesman of the ring"

The second brother, Isidor, took over the reins from Ludwig shortly after the armaments factories were started. The third brother, Sigmund, then came to London as a commercial agent.

The next we hear of him is that he is in close touch with the Nordenfeldt Company, makers of a quick-firing gun, and also with owners of other patents. From these two groups he formed the first combine which was to loom so large in the wars of the world.

Krupps next joined in. Sigmund Loewe brought off a deal whereby they got certain English patents in part payment for their armour-plating process.

British engineers were sent over to teach our future enemies how to manufacture these deadly war appliances.

Loewe next got in touch with French gun firms and exchanged samples, and finally American firms were drawn into the "ring."

The armaments ring transcends nationalism. It knows no boundaries of prejudice or patriotic interest. It knows only customers.

Quietly . . .

The war did not split it asunder. To-day the links between the various firms in the several countries are as strong as ever. Their operations are a little more discreet, that is all. We got a very bad scare in 1914-18.

Two of the largest firms the war has brought closer together, the Skoda works, formerly the Austrian Krupps, is now controlled by a French company associated with Creusot, the largest armaments firm in France. A director of Creusot is chairman of the Skoda company.

Spanish and Italian companies have entered the field in good earnest, and the Herbesthal firm in Belgium have doubled their pre-war output figures.

The armaments "ring" have one great obstacle to contend with. That is the desire of most people for a continued peace. But that difficulty they fight with all the means within their power.

Their subtlest weapon is that of propaganda and publicity. Before the war there was the great Press bureau at Essen which fed a steady stream of articles and stories to the Press of the world.

War food for boys

These were mostly signed with distinguished military names, which the bureau secured and circulated in every medium, from scientific journals to boys' papers.

Since the war this central bureau has been dissolved and each company runs its own propaganda arrangements, but they have gone from strength to strength in their use of this weapon.

A notable example is in France, where it is an acknowledged fact that practically the entire French Press is in the hands of the French armaments combine, the group known as the Comité des Forges.

A proof of this is to be found in the storm of condemnation which arose in the French Press following on Lord Hugh Cecil's pronouncement at Geneva recently on the suppression of the arms traffic.

This virulent outburst was quite without real substance and did not represent actual French opinion as expressed by delegates at the conference.

It was obviously inspired.

That business is still fairly brisk, however, there is no gainsaying. At the moment there is war in China, war on the Russian frontier, perennial fighting in French and Spanish Morocco; there is a civil war in Afghanistan: fighting in Arabia and on the Persian frontier.

How many of these wars are being prolonged, if not actually started, by the efforts of the armament combines it is impossible to say.

Scores of instances could be given of the technique of armament firms in creating new markets.

Free rifles bait

It is considered good business, for example, to supply a hundred of Riff tribesmen with rifles, either at a moderate cost or for nothing at all. For the simple reason that a hundred rifles in the hands of Arabs means 5,000 more rifles to keep them in order.

Again, to take the concrete case of recent happenings. In an insurrection in Mexico the revolu-

So the merry game goes on . . . rifles ma

Business as Usual with the Armament Ring

...merry game goes on—with machine guns and rifles made in Europe

tionary "junta," or committee, purchased a large quantity of arms in America and Czecho-Slovakia.

The bulk of their supply came from the U.S.A., and the firm which supplied them did so at a price which should have been a dead loss, but it meant that the junta got a sufficient number of arms to start trouble on a really effective scale.

The constitutional army was not sufficiently armed to cope with the crisis which followed. Its Government naturally had the backing of the U.S.A. to stifle the insurrection.

This meant eventually that the firm which originally supplied the insurgents with rifles got a very large order indeed for the army of the ruling Government.

This manœuvre of trying to sell arms to both sides is typical of the business, and is considered laudable and justifiable.

A few months ago a large consignment of arms, consisting of machine guns, mountain guns and rifles, left this country through a shipping agent in the City.

The Riff, more than half-savage, enjoys the picnic, while the Chinese stand by their toy gun

Their destination was Belgium, but there they were transhipped to a vessel leaving for a spot on the Persian Gulf. There they were unloaded, one portion finding its way into the hands of Ibn Saud's tribesmen, while the other portion went by caravan into Afghanistan.

Made in —?

During the past eighteen months 2,000,000 Chinese have been armed with rifles. They were not made in China. Then whence had they come?

Every day in Indian ports, in Burma, in Hong-Kong, there are seizures of smuggled arms. They pour in from the great armament factories in Europe, paid for in gold before they arrive.

A vast amount of ingenuity has gone into devising methods for outwitting the Customs searchers in these ports.

An instance of this was the case of a Chinese merchant in the Malay States who wanted 10,000 rifles.

He made a deal with an English firm to ship the 10,000 rifles piecemeal; first the barrels, then the retaining bands, and lastly the firing mechanism. The stocks he intended to have made on the spot.

When the 10,000 rifle barrels arrived they were consigned as "steel tubes." John Chinaman announced to the Customs officials that they were to form an elaborate fence round his father's grave. The Chinese are noted for their ancestral worship, and this explanation was passed.

Next came the retaining bands; these were marked as "fence-fasteners" for the same purpose and passed. Lastly came the firing mechanism, consigned as "ornamental ironwork."

The game was up

The merchant had evidently hoped that, in view of his previous explanations, this last consignment would pass through unopened, but a too inquisitive official had one of the cases opened, and so the game was up.

During the last two years the trade in smuggled arms has reached vast proportions.

In 1927 the U.S. Government stopped 150,000 rifles in New York *en route* for Russia. In March, 1928, a British steamship at Shanghai was discovered to be smuggling 40,000 cartridges, revolvers and rifles into China.

Two months later a German ship, s.s. *Bertram Rickmers*, was searched in the same port and found to contain rifles, revolvers, and 3,000,000 cartridges.

Austrian peace-time bayonets gleam on the slightest provocation

Ramsay MacDonald thinks the Union Jack should be the International Symbol of Peace

Short sighted

From all over the world comes the same story.

What can be done to stop this unholy traffic?

Military big-wigs in all countries, including our own, would be the first strenuously to oppose any measure of restriction on armament firms.

Their argument is that the industry's unhampered working is necessary for the country's preparedness in time of war.

But their best point is the unemployment bogey. What, they say, of the men who would be thrown on the unemployment market if outputs were restricted?

What they do not see is that to sell arms, for instance, to both Russia and China is to pave the way for a conflict which can throw thousands of Lancashire cotton-operatives out of work.

In England no firms can export arms without first obtaining a licence from the Board of Trade for each shipment. But this is what is termed a "blanket" licence, and need not specify much detail beyond the country of destination.

When the Labour Government came into power in 1924, one of its first measures was to prohibit the export of arms and ammunition in the shape of Government stores.

When the Conservative Government took over ten months later this measure was withdrawn, and the position is now the same as before.

As for any concerted international action, there is only the loosely framed "Traffic in Arms" Pact of 1925. This document provided chiefly that each country should restrict its export by licence and should publish all such exports.

It was signed by all countries, but so far is ratified by only three, China, France and Venezuela. The total manufacture of arms in two of those countries could possibly be got into a village gunsmith's shop.

Take the factories

The action of the other countries in refusing to ratify is a sufficient proof of the insincerity of the various Governments in this matter, including our own.

The real reason is that it might be bad for business, since a possible customer would rather buy his arms from a country who did *not* publish to whom and what they sold.

There is one solution to the problem, and one only. The manufacture of arms should be a State monopoly, and conducted in national factories.

The number and size of these factories should be suited to the need of the particular country. Over-manufacture and outside sales would be thus more readily apparent than they are to-day.

The present armament firms could turn their plants over to making industrial material with nothing but gain for the workaday world.

An outbreak in a minor country could easily start another world conflagration, and it is ridiculous and fantastic for private enterprise to supply the tinder for a profit.

Only a dream

A nationalisation and control of the world's armament industry should be the first imperative task before the League of Nations Council.

Whilst this trade continues in the hands of private enterprise all talk of security is meaningless and peace pacts are a dream.

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Quaker Oats gives extra stamina

Q-3 b

ARMISTICE DAY

How a woman regained her faith in the shadow of the Cenotaph

by **J. D. BERESFORD**

I AM confronted by a slight difficulty in telling this story, because there is a reason for not using the true names of the persons chiefly concerned, and if I were to give that reason I should have to enter into long explanations that have no immediate bearing on what I have to say.

That should be comprehensible enough, and I might very well leave the matter there if I did not feel also the need for declaring that the central figure herself has no objection to my giving her name and that of the one other important person—the only suppressions I propose to make.

Beyond this, I have a certain disinclination to arouse the criticisms of a third person who does not figure even remotely in this episode; and as I have already got myself into trouble once this year by giving in JOHN BULL the full names in connection with a personal experience, I prefer in this case to take no risks, and will call my two friends simply Helen and Peter.

I have known Helen nearly all her life, and always found queer elements of contradiction between her character and the kind of things that happen to her.

She is and has always been, even as a child, rather shy and retiring. She never seeks to attract attention, and is a great reader, although she has never had the least inclination to write.

Yet fate ordained that she should be one of those people whose life was cast in the mould of drama.

I could give half a dozen instances of remarkable things that happened to her even before she met Peter, but there is no space for them here.

Peter, poor old chap, was a very different proposition. He was always inviting trouble by his rashness, and sometimes the invitation was accepted.

He had a passion for life, all that he could see and experience of it; and as Helen used to say of him, with a tolerant smile, "He loved a crowd." It was true.

He liked to be with other people, the more the merrier, and was never in better form than when he was a member of a large party.

I can understand very well the attraction those two had for one another. It was, of course, the attraction of opposites; but I believe that it would have stood the test of long years of married life. They influenced one another in the direction of something more nearly approaching the average of humanity.

After they met, Helen came out of her shell, overcame to a certain extent her distaste for mixing with other people, and Peter lost something of his passion for crowds.

He even began to read now and again; although until he met Helen he had read nothing but a daily paper for years.

That they loved at first sight, and with the kind of love that stands the test of time, there could be no question; but I don't think I appreciated the real quality of Helen's love for Peter until the war came.

He had to go, of course. Apart from all those other necessary considerations—patriotism, duty and what not—he was the type that can never keep out of a war. He found there a life lived always in the company of the crowd he loved.

I thought it would kill Helen, and I gathered later that Peter himself was afraid that it might. But she pulled herself together, as so many other women did at that time, and sent him off with a cheerful face some time in the spring of 1915.

I was in Cornwall then, and did not see her until the autumn, for she would not come down and stay with us all that summer. She wanted, she said, to be at the centre of things, in the place to which all the news came first.

She was still keeping up splendidly that autumn, but I knew that the strain was sometimes almost unbearable, although she never gave herself away.

Whenever she spoke of Peter, she pretended a perfect confidence in his

(Continued on page 26.)

Illustrated by George Woods

". . . There was a rustle of the shifting crowd . . . and she turned to see who it was . . . that had been holding her hand, and there was no one within six feet of her"

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"ARMISTICE DAY"—*continued from page 24*

safe return. Also, she of all my friends was the most optimistic about the prospects of the war's speedy conclusion.

I remember very well how annoyed she became that autumn if anyone dared to contradict her confident assertion that the war would certainly be over by Christmas.

I never doubted her patriotism, but I fancy that there were moments in which she cared little which side won, so long as Peter came back.

Well, to her as to so many others, there gradually succeeded a kind of numbness as the long years rolled on and the awful war of attrition still presented all the appearances of a stalemate.

Peter missed the worst of the great offensive on the Somme by getting a "blighty" just before the actual engagement. A fragment of shrapnel scored a channel in his side that laid open the right lung, and he was at home all through the spring and summer of 1917.

Helen, so soon as it was certain that Peter would be none the worse for this adventure, took his wound as a sign from heaven. She lost at once that air of defying her own thoughts, as if she were ruthlessly determined not to let her fears mislead her.

She even became pessimistic about the prospects of peace, saying that she wouldn't be surprised if the war went on for another five years. And, queer as it may sound, I remember that I greatly preferred to hear her talk in that strain. It sounded more healthy.

EVEN when Peter had to go back to France she did not revert to her earlier attitude. She had deceived herself into the belief that Peter's luck would carry him through. She took that wound of his, coming just before the great Somme offensive, as direct evidence that heaven was looking after them.

At that time her talk was chiefly of what she and Peter would do when it was all over. For she admitted, after he went back, that her estimate of another five years was a ridiculous exaggeration.

She was the first person I thought of when we had the news of the Armistice, and I went round to see and rejoice with her before lunch.

That first eleventh of November was, you may remember, a dull, miserable day, with an occasional drizzle, and despite the vast relief the news had brought us, I don't think that the majority of people were much in the mood that morning for merrymaking.

I know I ascribed Helen's air when she let me in to her flat to that influence, but before I had been with her five minutes, I realised that it was something other than the weather that was oppressing her.

I DID my best then to cheer her up, reminded her that it was really over at last, that it was almost too good to be true—the usual sort of things—and she listened to me with an effect of eagerness, agreed with me in words; but, all in a moment, the faith that had kept her going seemed gone from her.

She kept repeating again and again, "Yes, it *is* all over—finished, isn't it? There can't be any possible doubt of that, can there?" And yet in her face I could read no sign of joy or confidence.

Well, if I were writing this story for effect I suppose I should say that I was present when that ghastly telegram came and make a dramatic scene of it.

As a matter of fact, the telegram did not come to Helen direct, and the first news of it did not reach her until some hours after I had left.

Peter had been killed by a stray bullet on the afternoon of the tenth of November.

I may seem to have reached the end of my story with that horrible announcement; but, indeed, that was but the beginning of the second part of Helen's life.

The immediate effect upon her was to destroy her faith. She became, not at once, but in the course of very few months, one of the most thorough-going materialists, in a philosophic sense, I have ever known.

She had trusted so implicitly in the good will of Providence, and it seemed to her that if Providence had had anything at all to do with it, it must have deliberately tricked and tortured her.

For a time, she haunted the séance-rooms of the Spiritualists; but no message came to her, and I do not believe that she ever had much hope from that source.

"If Peter's spirit had survived," she used to say, "he would have come to me at the moment of his death. I should have known, somehow; I must have known. No, there is no such thing as the spirit, no future life, no God It's obvious that there can't be."

SHE was a hard-faced, worn-looking woman in those days, getting through life with no joy and no hope for the future. But, as I began by saying, although she never sought it, her life was full of the most poignant drama.

I was living in a furnished house at Golders Green on the first anniversary of the Armistice, and I did not go into town to take part in the Two Minutes' Silence. But I have stood since then with the crowd in Whitehall, and I know the effect of that sudden stillness.

To me it seems the realisation of a great mystical experience, and I should deeply regret it if that most impressive of all ceremonies were done away with.

Helen did not deliberately go to take part in that first ceremony of 1919. In her mood of that time, she would have scoffed at it. But the strange fate that ruled her life ordained that she should be within sight of the Cenotaph just as the maroons were fired.

She stopped dead, she told me, partly checked by the sound and partly by the unexpected sight of the waiting crowd, and was instantly absorbed by that wonderful experience in which for two minutes a great mass of people is held as a single unit, thinking. I like to believe, almost in unison, potentially aware of the oneness of all mankind.

And to Helen came that morning a still more wonderful experience, for as the instant silence fell she knew that someone was standing close at her side and had taken her hand.

She could feel, she declares, the warm pressure of a man's fingers about her own, and through her there surged an ecstatic sense of warm assurance, a sense that somehow, most wonderfully, everything was all right again.

Then the maroons fired for the second time, there was a rustle of the shifting crowd, the noise of motors restarted, and she turned to see who it was that had been standing beside her and holding her hand. And there was no one within six feet of her.

I do not believe that she expected to see anyone. She knew during those two minutes that Peter's spirit was there, and I regard that movement of hers as the last manifestation of her year of scepticism.

For myself, I remember exceedingly well how, when she came to me that same day, with such a look of happiness as I had not seen in her face for more than five years, I was hard put to it at the first moment to conceal my own disbelief in the reality of her experience. I was so glad for her sake that she should have recovered her faith.

AND then she smiled at me and said, "Wasn't it like Peter to come to me there? You know how he always loved a crowd"; and for some reason that I cannot attempt to explain, conviction came to me also—the spirit of Peter seemed to be there with us in the room.

I know that this is no evidence for the sceptic. We most of us want to touch the nail-prints with our own finger. But to me the sight of Helen's sweet, composed happiness to-day is sufficient. She is not the least hysterical.

She never speaks of her conviction that Peter is waiting for her just across the barrier. But deep within her she has the kind of faith that passes all understanding.

NEXT WEEK'S TRUE STORY—

"The Reincarnation of MAUNG BA"

In the Delta of Lower Burma an uncanny power comes to confound a murderer whose crime has been lost in the years

by

DOROTHY BLACK

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King Charles *was beheaded for less!*

says E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE publication of "The New Despotism," a scathing book by the Lord Chief Justice of England, denouncing the alarming drift towards despotic bureaucracy which is infecting Whitehall like a plague, is, I suppose, an event almost unprecedented in contemporary history.

It is a bombshell that is calculated to shake meddlesome Ministers and their invisible satellites to their very foundations.

No one in the least conversant with the facts can do anything but applaud Lord Hewart's courage. He has for long enough been tireless in outspoken criticism of the way Whitehall is steadily usurping the powers and prerogatives of the House of Commons, and he has steadfastly refused to be muzzled.

Undermining

"I will be no party to the doctrine," he said in a recent speech, "that a Lord Chief Justice, summoned to the House of Lords, as he is, not merely to vote, but also to advise, is condemned to a lifelong and compulsory silence on affairs of State."

The need for plain speaking is urgent. Even Mr. Baldwin was alarmed not long ago to find that in the last three years nearly 5,000 Statutory Rules and Orders had been issued by Whitehall.

"There is now, and for some years past has been," says Lord Hewart, "a persistent influence at work which, whatever the motives or the intentions that support it may be thought to be, undoubtedly has the effect of placing a large and increasing field of departmental authority and activity beyond the reach of the ordinary law."

He does not mince his words in his criticism of this. The goal, he says, "is to subordinate Parliament, to evade the Courts, and to render the will, or the caprice, of the Executive unfettered and supreme.

"The whole scheme of self-government is being undermined and that, too, in a way which no self-respecting people, if they were aware of the facts, would tolerate for a moment."

We criticise the tyranny of Fascism and the arbitrariness of Bolshevism, but we are complacently ignorant of the secret Soviet that is governing us from Whitehall.

We have largely ceased to be ruled by law: we are at the mercy to-day of what Lord Hewart acidly calls "administrative lawlessness."

What, for instance, was the use of the House of Commons passing the Rating and Valuation Act (1925), with its quite definite provisions, when it also allowed the Minister to make orders which "*may modify the provisions of this Act so far as may appear to the Minister necessary or expedient for carrying the order into effect*"?

The Act itself, no less than the authority of the House of Commons, is rendered farcical, for the Minister clearly had power to stand the Act on its head if he thought fit and act absolutely contrary to its provisions.

Invented offences

Let us take the National Health Insurance Acts. The public is bound by law to insure and to pay their contributions. It would be reasonable to assume that this compulsion would confer the right to the best treatment and the best medicines in case of illness.

But the Minister of Health—meaning some unknown gentleman in his Department—can make rules and orders to do things the Act never intended, with the result that a fine of £1,000 was imposed on two medical partners for "excessive prescribing."

This is an offence quite unknown to law, but it has been invented by Whitehall and the arbitrary decision of some invisible official is apparently all that is necessary to do what Lord Hewart himself cannot and dare not do.

There are numerous cases where a lethargic Parliament has even allowed words to be put into an Act expressly stating that an order made by a Minister shall not be subject to an appeal to any Courts.

Thus, in the Roads Act (1920), in the section dealing with the issuing by a County Council to any manufacturer or dealer in vehicles a general licence instead of separate licences for each vehicle it states:

"If any person is aggrieved by the refusal of a council to issue a general licence he may appeal to the Minister (of Transport), and the Minister shall make such order in the matter as he thinks just *and the council shall comply with any order so made. An order made by the Minister under this provision shall be final and not subject to appeal to any Court.*"

By storm and blood

Surely it is the prerogative of the Courts to administer justice, as it is the prerogative of Parliament to make laws. If we tamely submit to this sort of thing, wherein do we differ from Russia or Italy?

It is not a triviality, for the freedom that we prize so highly was not lightly won, nor should we be willing to see it lightly filched.

It was won by storm and blood—and a king was beheaded rather than the basis of democratic Government should be destroyed.

Are we now to see it destroyed by men whose names we do not know and whose very identities remain a mystery?

The very basis of the British Constitution is the supremacy of law, and the House of Commons is false alike to its traditions and its electorate when it permits this steady sapping of its foundations.

"Arbitrary power is certain in the long run to become despotism," remarks Lord Hewart, "and there is danger, if the so-called method of administrative 'law'—which is essentially lawlessness—is greatly extended, of the loss of those hardly won liberties which it has taken centuries to establish."

Is there a remedy?

One of the serious aspects of the matter is that, while a citizen is not expected to know all the law, he is not permitted to plead ignorance of it as an excuse for anything he may do.

The mass of law enacted in Acts of Parliament is bad enough, but the matter becomes a nightmare when to endless Acts of Parliament are added mountains of departmental legislation which the citizen knows nothing of, which he does not know where to find, and which he would not understand if he found it.

But it is law, none the less, and we ignore it at our peril; and the sinister aspect of it is that it is all done under the cloak of Parliament while Parliament itself remains largely ignorant of it.

Is there a remedy for what is becoming a really intolerable state of affairs? Even the Lord Chief Justice cannot go beyond the confines of horse-sense in his suggestions.

"On the positive side," he says, "future legislation would be conducted in such a way as not to repeat these performances. On the negative side, all reasonable steps would be taken to retrace and correct any such errors in the past. And it goes without saying that there should be an end of all schemes to enable Government departments to rewrite a statute or to shelter departmental decisions or orders against review by the Courts."

The Lord Chief Justice in his severest mood

Lamp-posts for them

Surely no reasonable person can object to such obvious sense?

There is a story in Lord Hewart's book that is worth repeating.

A distinguished Treasury official asked a Chancellor of the Exchequer what was the good of the House of Commons. "Why," he said, "should the work of the expert always be at the mercy of the ignorant amateur?"

"Seriously," he asked, "could not this country be governed by the Civil Service?"

"Undoubtedly it could," replied the Chancellor, "undoubtedly it could, and I am quite sure that you and your colleagues would govern the country remarkably well. But let me tell you this, my young friend: at the end of six months of it, there would not be enough lamp-posts in Whitehall to go round!"

If Parliament wishes to retain the respect of the people, and to preserve the freedom we won through centuries of struggle, it will ponder these things and refuse to pass any legislation but that which it wholly understands and quite definitely intends.

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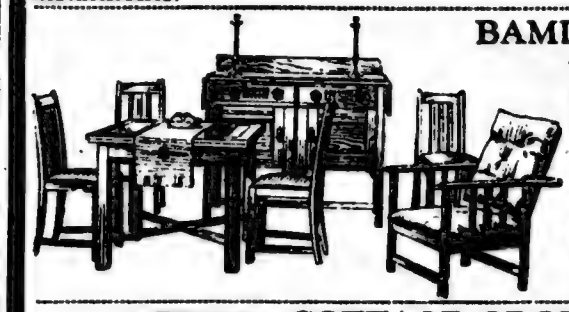

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The beer with a bite in it.

Any BONES to Mend?

Casualties of the Night

THE scene is the Casualty Clearing Station at the London Hospital. It is open day and night. Every patient who enters the hospital passes through this ward. Every kind of case, from patients requiring an immediate operation to the small boy who has cut his thumb, receives attention here

The best time for a visit is about ten o'clock on Saturday night. A trickle of men and women, with here and there a little child, diverge from the bustle and glare of the Whitechapel Road into a doorway that leads into a cool white ward.

A porter, whose eyes gleam with shrewd kindliness, stops each patient in order to obtain the name and address—which is often the pavement—and directs them to a row of forms.

Men and women sit on separate benches. There is no talking. Only a strange atmosphere of suppressed suffering.

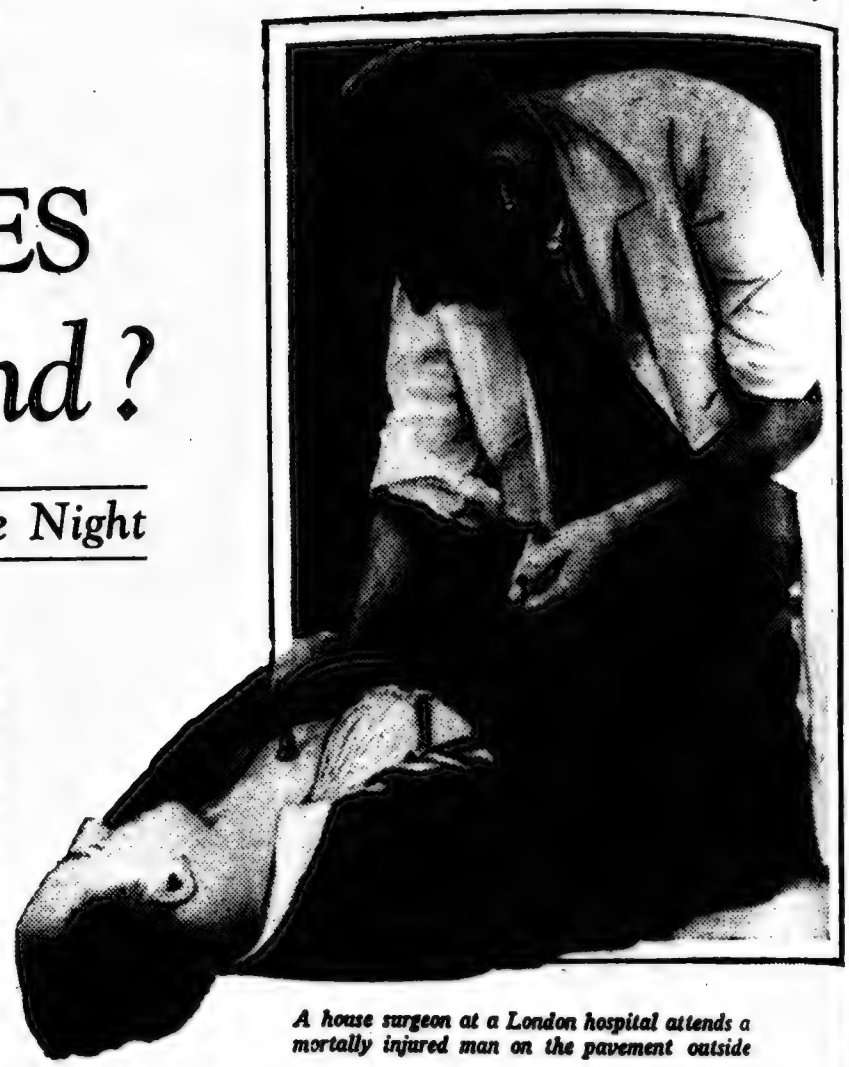
HERE a woman sits quietly crying, nursing a little girl with golden curls who has fallen downstairs. In another corner a man, whose thin, well-bred face tells of better days, sits staring, like the others, at the row of little white-tiled cubicles in which doctors and nurses are busy at work.

A sudden hush quells even the moans of a badly injured man lying on a stretcher as the cassocked figure of a priest hurries into the ward from the bustling darkness of the street.

He seems scarcely conscious of the rows of suffering, ragged humanity. His dark, ascetic face is bent over the little silver box which he is carrying. A doctor, sterilising a glittering instrument, pauses and bows as the priest passes through the ward. Somewhere in the vast building a patient lies dying.

As the priest disappears down a long, dimly lit corridor, carrying the Host, the tension is broken by the doctor's movements as, unperturbed by this drama of the scene, he turns once more to his task. Death is so commonplace. Life is his concern.

"Next, please," calls a nurse.



A house surgeon at a London hospital attends a mortally injured man on the pavement outside

An old woman, attired in a pitiful collection of rags, stumbles forward holding a bottle of medicine. The doctor looks at her with a twinkle. She is an old frequenter of the hospital.

"Well, mother, what's wrong tonight?" he enquires.

"Please, doctor, give me another bottle of medicine. The colour of this one doesn't agree with me."

She is given another bottle, and a word of kindly encouragement. Her wan face aglow with happiness, she passes out of the ward into the glaring drabness of the Whitechapel Road.

A bell rings. There is a moment of quiet, orderly hustle, as a stretcher, on which a man lies jerking convulsively, is wheeled through the ward to the operating theatre, where his appendix will be removed within the next half-hour.

SUDDENLY, framed in the doorway, appears a young girl whose arm is held by a fatherly policeman. Her dark eyes, set in a dead white face, stare round the ward with terrible intensity. Her thin, scarlet mouth is fixed in a bitter line of resignation.

She moves forward, as if in a dream. Then a faint sigh, and she crumples up, a heap of broken finery, on the floor.

Nurses, taking in the situation at a glance, carry her into one of the little cubicles. The policeman, a bluff family man, wipes the perspiration from his forehead.

"Poor kid," he mutters. "Tried to poison herself with lysol. Her young man let her down."

Many girls try to end their misery in this way and are brought to the London Hospital.

ELEVEN o'clock. The benches are about full now. A radiographer, carrying a large photograph of a broken collar-bone, hurries past. Nurses and doctors are working at top speed.

A stout woman, the mother of fifteen children, sits with ten of them on a bench. Anxiously she enquires from a passing nurse whether she considers the arm of the latest arrival—a curly-headed mite with solemn blue eyes—is broken or fractured.

"And will that kind gentleman, please," indicating a medical student, "give the others a dose of Epsom salts apiece?"

Ten little mouths are dutifully opened, and their grimaces cause even an old man, whose sunk features are twitching with pain, to smile.

He is helped by two pink-faced nurses, jolly girls from Devon, into a cubicle. The doctor diagnoses his complaint, but the old man shakes his head when an operation is suggested.

"But it will only be a very slight one," the doctor urges. "You will suffer no pain."

"I don't want to have any knives poked into me," the man says, obstinately staring at a case of instruments hanging on the wall.

The doctors shrug their shoulders, bandage him up as best they can, and the man slowly hobbles out of the room.

"Next, please!"

A STRETCHER is hurriedly wheeled through the ward, on which lies a stiff, motionless form covered with a sheet.

"Suicide," briefly comments a medical student tersely. "Man of forty-five."

It seems that the majority of suicides in Whitechapel are either young girls who have "got themselves into trouble," or middle-aged men who, tired of the endless fight for existence in a drab, hopeless world, commit suicide as a means of attaining peace.

A House *with an Awful Name*

"I KNOW something of that house and no money would ever induce me to spend a night there. There are ghosts, and they all come out to play on Christmas Eve."

Now read a ghost story that will *really* make you feel creepy—"Grisell Mill," by Hector Hutt, in JOHN BULL'S Christmas Holiday Annual, out Friday, November 8.

When you have read this, there are fourteen more short stories to amuse you, all liberally sprinkled with holly and mistletoe.

Don't wait for December 25. Get this wonderful holiday annual—68 pages for sixpence—and you will find that Christmas is actually here!

'When I can speak, Mum!'

—says Mrs. Rawlins

"I was going to say we look like going on swimming today. These things have dried champion and they've a white on them would nearly make you blink. Look Mum—like snow! That's the Reckitt's Blue I put them through. Give me three things and I'm all right, Mum. A good drying day! Reckitt's Blue to get my white things real white, and this Robin Starch. You might say I'm always 'arping on Robin Starch, Mum, but there's no doubt about it doing the work well. It's easy to work with; you've no need to add anything for gloss, and it makes your iron go as smooth as an 'ymn tune.

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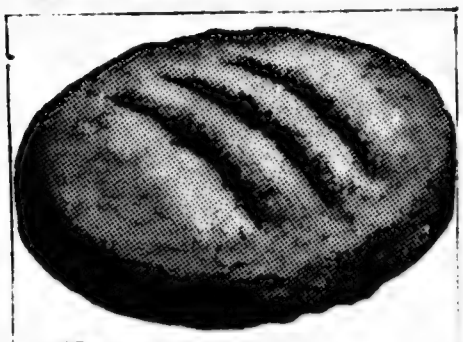

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3. Place 1 dessertspoonful of Robertson's Mincemeat ('Golden Shred' Brand) in the centre.
4. Gather the edges of the pastry together on the top; turn over and roll lightly.
5. Prick lightly with a fork.
6. Bake ten minutes in a quick oven.

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From the ends of the earth ..... there are customers

TRAPPING in the fur industry does not end when the lone trapper takes his pretty prey from the steel jaws. That is often the most honest end of the business.

Women and girls, beware the trap which is frequently concealed behind gaily-lit shop windows.

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Furs which at one time lined the cloaks of kings and courtiers have now come within reach of nearly every woman in the country. Millions of women who twenty years ago cast envious glances at the sables and sealskins of the rich can now buy rabbit furs so skilfully treated to imitate more expensive skins that scarcely anyone can tell the difference.

In autumn London is the mart for more than a million raw skins. Enormous sums of money are bid and accepted by some of the keenest business brains in the world.

Besides these sales of valuable skins, which are held three times a year, huge auctions of Australian and New Zealand rabbit skins are held in London every two months. More than three million pounds' worth of rabbit skins are exported annually from Australia alone.

Astute buyers and their assistants come from the ends of the earth, and there are customers from all nations.

A *changed "bunny"*

Skins can be stretched, softened, "unhaired" and shaved by special processes so that the finished result can hardly be recognised as the original fur

They can then be treated with synthetic dyes so as to produce almost any effect whatsoever. Marmot can be dyed to resemble mink. Musquash can be faked to pass as sealskin, and rabbit—or "coney," as it is called in the trade—can be made to look like marten, fox, chinchilla, seal, squirrel or kolinsky.

In one way this is all to the good, because it brings attractive furs within the reach of women who are comparatively poor. But, on the other hand, it opens the door to a great deal of trickery and sharp practice.

The trickery occurs almost entirely in the retail trade. If a furrier fakes a rabbit to resemble, say, a marten, he is doing a perfectly legitimate thing. It is the retailer, if he is dishonest, who takes advantage of his skill to profiteer out of ignorant purchasers.

The trickery occurs chiefly in the advertising. As a rule a retailer does not dare to advertise his rabbit skin as a genuine marten.

There are other and safer ways of achieving his object. By English law he is allowed to advertise under the trade terms. He may, for instance, describe his fur as "marten (dyed)." This really means rabbit or some other cheap skin dyed to represent marten, but many purchasers do not realise it.

Or again, he may advertise a fur as "nutria (d.)"—"d." being a trade term signifying that the so-called nutria is not nutria at all, but perhaps a cheap opossum prepared to resemble it.

In America an effective regulation has been passed to put a stop to such practices. The rule is that the last word in the description must be the correct name of the fur. For instance, "seal-dyed muskrat" can only refer to muskrat.

In America, too, it has been found necessary to pass strict regulations regarding advertisements in the Press. Firms are not allowed to advertise furs all the year round at amazing reductions as though they were passing through a perpetual round of clearance sales.

But in this country this form of advertising is practised so assiduously by several firms of fur retailers that the whole of the fur trade is affected.

Matters are so serious that a joint conference between representatives of the fur trade and of the Press is to be held in the next few weeks, and it is possible that America's lead will be followed

Rogues in the fur trade also practise cunning methods of deception in their shop-window displays.

Swallow the bait

One of the favourite methods in use to-day is to attach a price-ticket marked with a low figure to some cheap fur which is almost concealed behind a much more expensive one. Intending purchasers naturally think that the price refers to the superior fur in front. They swallow the bait and go in.

Once they are in the shop, the skilful tongues of the saleswomen do the rest. Everything is done to confuse their minds and to force some cheap fur upon them at an exaggerated price.

Another trick is actually to attach a low-priced label to an expensive fur. When a purchaser goes into the shop with the intention of buying it, she is told that she cannot have the one in the window, but is given one "exactly similar"—in other words a cheap imitation.

The piecing together of a number of furs into a coat is one of the most highly-skilled arts in the world, but there are many third-rate shops in the poorer quarters of London and other big towns where skins roughly cleaned and dressed are cobbled together with sweated labour.

There is a very real danger to the public in this cheap-jack fur trade. The peril lies in the cleaning. After a fur is dyed a certain amount of acid is left adhering to the hairs in the form of crystals. To remove these the fur has to be cleaned in a revolving wooden drum containing moistened sawdust.

Disease danger

A large number of furs which are now being prepared with sweated labour are not cleaned in this way. Dangerous acids remain in the furs after they have been sold to purchasers and fur dermatitis is contracted.

The remedy? Deal with reputable firms. Better value is obtained, and there are no risks of disease.

Laugh at the DEMON!

Mrs. Newton, who lives at 34, Egbert Street, Preston, Lancs, was trying to light the kitchen-fire one morning and found that "it simply *wouldn't* burn."

In order to coax the flames, she threw on to the grate some petrol—which she had mistaken for paraffin—and then applied a match.

There was a flash and a roar, and in the fire that followed a carpet and rug were destroyed.

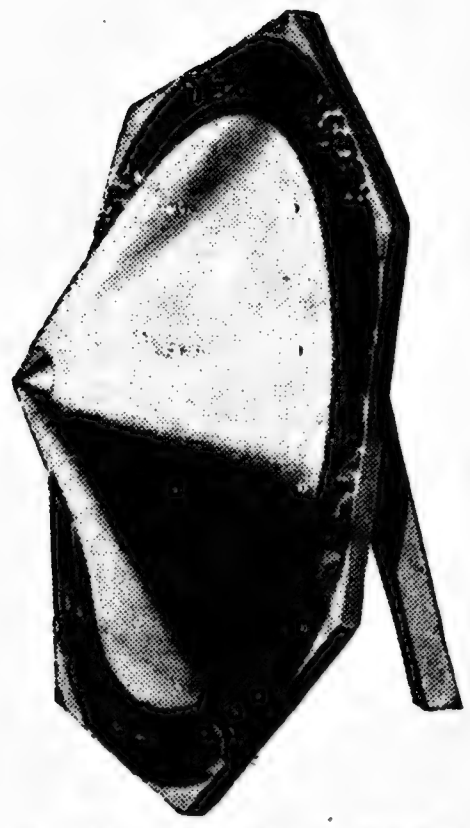
The demon Fire in this case was merciful. Often it exacts a far more tragic toll: furniture, household gods, whole homes—human lives sometimes.

Let "Safety First" always be your motto, and then, as a further safeguard register under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift—there's a form on page 42.

A GREAT LITTLE PHILIPS LOUDSPEAKER

The speaker that gets the most out of any receiver. Remarkable qualities of tone accompanied with great volume. Ask your dealer to let you hear one.

50/-



PHILIPS

PHILIPS RADIO, PHILIPS HOUSE, 145, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

Either Piano or Organ--

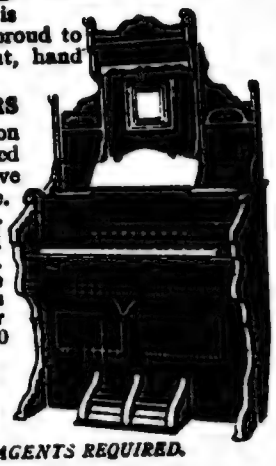
20/-

THIS beautiful Pianoforte or Organ will be DELIVERED FREE to your home upon receipt of 20/-. The world-famed Crane Piano is an instrument of superb quality which you will be proud to own. Supplied in Rosewood, Mahogany or Walnut, hand polished to the sheen of a precious jewel.

EVERY INSTRUMENT GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS

The action is replete with every modern refinement. Iron frame, check action, full compass, full trichord, bushed keys, etc. The Tone is pure and of rich expressive resonance, the Touch sensitive, precise and delicate.

The "Stella" Organ is the ideal instrument for Home, Hall, or School, etc. The case is of dark walnut, tastefully carved. Fitted with bevelled mirror, music receptacle, swing fall board etc. Three sets of reeds, Eleven stops (including couplers. Two knee swells. The impressive tone is as near Pipe Organ sound as is possible to make a reed instrument. Send Post Card for Catalogue No. 240



Crane & Sons LTD.

149, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1 *AGENTS REQUIRED.*

Head Office : Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

PARENTHOOD:

DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?

A Manual of Birth Control

By MICHAEL FIELDING

Preface by H. G. WELLS *Five Diagrams*

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."
From H. G. Wells' preface.

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.

NOEL DOUGLAS, Dept. J.B.48, 38, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1

WIN £10 NO ENTRANCE FEE NO STIPULATIONS

or £50 if you buy a Pakard Pen

THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT.

How many times can you write the word "Pakard" in the blank space below? It will be interesting and you may win £10 Cash Prize. If you write this word forty times or more, you will be rewarded with a Free Gift Voucher, whether you win the cash prize or not.

COMPETITION No. 2. (Closing date, Dec. 11th, 1929.)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Please write plainly in caps.)

Inside the box echo write your attempt number.

RULES. Whoever writes legibly by hand the word "Pakard" the greatest number of times with the least number of words touching or alterations within the space provided (or in any space exactly the same size), wins £10, no entrance fee whatever. Pen or pencil may be used, plain every-day writing, not fancy, is what counts, shorthand or engraving is not allowed. Send your attempt in sealed envelope bearing 1½d. stamp.

THE PAKARD PEN CO. (Dept. J.B.1), 55, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Write the word 'Pakard' more than 40 times in this space

Three quarters actual size of Pen.

£50 PRIZE

This contest is a plan to further promote the sales of the fine "Pakard" Self-filling Fountain Pens, with 14 carat solid gold nibs. All entrants will be advised of the Winner. All contestants will have the opportunity of entering for a larger £50 Prize Competition. You can never win if you never try—Send your entry now.

GIVE GENEROUSLY FOR YOUR POPPY

REMEMBRANCE DAY NOVEMBER 11TH

Let NATURE protect your dog this Winter.

Your dog should now be growing a winter undercoat, a dense, downy mass which covers the skin completely and keeps it warm and dry even when the dog enters water.

But the quality of the dog's undercoat depends entirely on the condition of his blood. During Summer the blood becomes impure through overheating, and in Autumn most dogs need to be conditioned thoroughly with a blood corrective. You should do NOW what all experienced Breeders and Fanciers do. Condition your dog with Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders, which remove all impurities from the blood and tone up the whole system. In less than 10 days the dog's blood will be clean and vigorous, his whole system will be toned up and refreshed and he will be well able to grow the fine, thick undercoat which Nature meant him to have.

All good dog biscuit shops and chemists sell Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders, 6d. per packet of 9 powders.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Since 1892 the best-known Doggie Remedy.

Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders cure *and prevent* all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as *Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema and Shedding Coat Irregularly.*

Made (since 1892) by BOB MARTIN, LTD., SOUTHPORT, LANCS.

TRUTH IN RADIO

Fit your set with new Mullard valves and learn the meaning of radio that rings true. It is the wonderful P.M. filament that makes the difference.

Mullard

THE·MASTER·VALVE

Ask MVs

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

SUICIDE'S Coffin Stoned

WOMAN'S REVENGE *turns to Dead Sea Fruit*

WHEN I was a little girl, my grandfather took care of me and brought me up. He was a grand old man, whose only fault was that of being too generous-hearted.

He was the general provision-dealer in a little fishing village on the west coast. When times were hard through rough weather, he gave extended credit so that his customers should not lack food. But many of them forgot to pay when times were good.

The end came when he could no longer meet his own liabilities. It broke my grandfather's heart. He committed suicide.

The manner of his end, so far from filling his creditors with shame, merely aroused their scorn.

To mark their disapprobation of my grandfather's despairing action, our neighbours gathered to stone the coffin as he was borne to his grave.

Instead of attending the funeral, as was the village custom, they all stood at corners with their missiles. Never shall I forget the horrible thud of the stones as they struck the coffin-lid.

My indignation was so deeply aroused that I determined upon revenge. I took over the provision business, working it on lines that ensured a good profit.

Instead of letting my goods go out on credit, I offered mortgages on customers' belongings, meaning to foreclose at any moment when the debtor's ruin could be best assured.

As a result, I hold at least fifty mortgages on boats and fishing gear; but all have turned to dust and ashes in my hands.

The fishing industry is at such a low ebb that any forced sale of boats and tackle would realise only a tithe of their value, and any proceedings taken would cost me far too much.

I am being robbed of my money very much as my grandfather was of his, but don't you think the worry and anxiety I have caused his persecutors abundantly worth while?

"HUMANIST" says: Indeed I do not, and I am sorry for you on all counts.

While the fisher-folk acted in superstitious ignorance, you planned a deliberate revenge with your eyes open.

That it has utterly failed is no more than you deserve. For the motive was absolutely foreign to your grandfather's gentle character, and, as such, a reproof to yourself.

MAN OF MANY *"wives"*

I HAVE been married twice and have five children—three by my first husband and two by my second.

I am expecting another baby in December.

My present partner is only a builder's labourer, but he is a steady worker and is good to me and my children.

My first husband was discharged from the Army in 1917 with a good pension subject to medical revision. In January of the following year he walked out of the house one day and disappeared.

I was compelled to appeal to the guardians, who were very good to me. They gave me work to do and paid me enough to keep my home going.

Both the police and the Army authorities had warrants for my husband's arrest, but all efforts to trace him proved unsuccessful.

Some years afterwards, the war over, he suddenly turned up in our home town. Going round to the local newspaper office, he made quite a lot of capital out of spinning yarns of his adventures, all due, so he said, to sudden loss of memory.

The police became interested and he disappeared again.

Then I received a letter from Canada. He had married a poor girl out there and had left her the moment he learned she was expecting a child.

Later, I received a second letter from a widow in this country upon whom he had played the same trick.

"I fear greatly," she wrote, "that I am to become a mother on account of this scoundrel. . . ."

My correspondence with these duped women was due to my husband's carelessness in leaving behind him all sorts of incriminating letters.

After this last letter, seven years passed without a sign of my husband. I really believed him to be dead, and I married again.

But the worry of not knowing whether I am legally married, or my children legitimate, is a nightmare that never lifts.

Can I obtain freedom from this humiliating bond? If not, what must I do?

"HUMANIST" says: As you have not heard of your first husband for so long, it is open to you to apply to the Court for leave to presume his death.

If this is not granted, and seeing that you have failed to trace him through the police, endeavour to do so through his paramours.

If you are successful, you should apply for legal aid, with a view to divorcing him, to the Poor Persons' Department, of the Royal Courts of Justice, London.

If it should unfortunately transpire that your first husband was living at the time of the birth of your offspring by your second partner, they cannot be legitimated until the Legitimacy Law is amended in this respect.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

BREAK *that promise!*

TWO or three years ago, I let some of the rooms in my house to a couple. The man had a grown-up son and daughter, who often called and seemed quite friendly with the second wife.

I took to this young wife from the first, but was disturbed to see her always looking so sad. At last she took me into her confidence, and told me she had married in a panic because a baby was expected.

It was a most unhappy union. The man evidently resented his forced marriage, and ultimately they parted.

When the child was a few months old, the poor young mother obtained a situation as housekeeper where she could have it with her.

The grown-up daughter, who at this crisis was sent for to keep house for her father, has lately confided a secret on the strict understanding that I would never betray it.

She says her mother is not dead, but ran away to Canada, where she is alive and happy with friends. I now hold the addresses of both women, but in view of my promise, must I forget this "secret" or give it away to the girl and let her know that she is no wife, and her baby illegitimate?

"HUMANIST" says: Some promises are better broken, and this is one. Give the address of the legal wife to your friend, and allow her to verify the facts, for by so doing you may set her free to find real happiness.

Jock Rutherford's Football Forecasts

SPOTTING *the* WINNERS

Matches played on November 9

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—Division I.
BIRMINGHAM v. Arsenal.
BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Burnley.
Grimsby Town v. Manchester C.
HUDDERSFIELD v. Aston Villa.
LEICESTER CITY v. Portsmouth.
Liverpool v. Bolton Wanderers.
Manchester U. v. DERBY C.
MIDDLESBROUGH v. Sunderland
NEWCASTLE v. Sheffield Wed.
Sheffield United v. Leeds.
WEST HAM v. Everton.

Division II.
Barnsley v. Notts C.
BLACKPOOL v. Reading.
BRADFORD v. Bristol City.
BURY v. Charlton Athletic.
CHELSEA v. Hull City.
MILLWALL v. Bradford City.
Notts Forest v. Stoke City.
Oldham Athletic v. Wolverhampton W.
SOUTHAMPTON v. Swansea Town.
Tottenham Hotspur v. Cardiff City.
WEST BROMWICH v. Preston N. E.

Division III. (South).
BRENTFORD v. Gillingham.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE v. Exeter C.
Bristol Rovers v. NORTHAMPTON.
CLAPTON ORIENT v. Crystal Palace.
COVENTRY CITY v. Norwich City.
Merthyr Town v. Bournemouth.
Newport County v. Queen's Park R.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Luton Town.
SWINDON TOWN v. Southend United.
TORQUAY UNITED v. Walsall.
Watford v. FULHAM.

Division III. (North).
Barrow v. DARLINGTON.
CARLISLE UNITED v. Chesterfield.
CREWE A. v. Halifax Town.
NELSON v. Lincoln City.
New Brighton v. South Shields.
PORT VALE v. Accrington Stanley.
Southport v. Tranmere Rovers.
STOCKPORT C. v. Rochdale.
WIGAN BOROUGH v. Doncaster R.
WREXHAM v. Hartlepools U.
YORK CITY v. Rotherham United.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division I.
ABERDEEN v. Cowdenbeath.
AIRDRIEONIANS v. Kilmarnock.
Ayr United v. Hearts.
CLYDE v. Queen's Park.
Dundee United v. PARTICK THISTLE.
HIBERNIANS v. St. Johnstone.
MORTON v. Dundee.
Motherwell v. Celtic.
RANGERS v. Hamilton Academical.
ST. MIRREN v. Falkirk.

Division II.
RO'NESS v. Clydebank.
DUMBARTON v. Brechin City.
Dunfermline A. v. ALBION ROVERS.
FORFAR ATHLETIC v. Armadale.
KING'S PARK v. Arbroath.
Montrose v. Leith Athletic.
RAITH ROVERS v. Alloa.
St. Bernards v. Queen of the South.
Stenhousemuir v. EAST STIRLING.
Third Lanark v. East Fife.

Capital letters indicate team forecast to win. No distinction is made when a draw is expected.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS.—Leicester C.; Blackpool; West Bromwich A.; Brentford; Plymouth; Rangers.
FOUR AWAY WINNERS.—Derby C.; Fulham; Northampton, Darlington.
FOUR DRAWS. Motherwell v. Celtic.; Southport v. Tranmere R.; Merthyr v. Bournemouth; Newport C. v. Queen's Park Rangers.

Not for "Kid-glove" Jobs

"Hard-az-ian" Trousers are made to cope with hard usage. They're for men who do men's work—from the weaving to the final stitch.

In the weaving every strand is twisted to give double strength. Then they're tailored to add strength to strength—barred and lock-stitched wherever extra wear is wanted. They've double brace-buttons and double warp pocketings. They're not cut too wide and fit well up in the back.

On sale at most clothiers throughout the country in 3 shades—mid-grey, dark-grey and fawn—and 24 fittings. If your clothier hasn't a stock write to:

"HARD-AZ-IAN," Manager of Sales, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2, for full particulars and name of nearest agent.

HARD·AZ·IAN TROUSERS

TOUGH AND TRUSTY

A reproduction of the ticket attached to every pair of genuine "Hard-az-ian" Trousers

10'6

OUTSIZES EXTRA

BLANFORD'S

GREAT TAILORING OFFER!

BLUE SERGE SUITS for 3/- DOWN.

We have created a reputation with these fine Suits. We have already sold many thousands, and our customers are highly delighted.

They are perfectly tailored, well cut, ready-to-wear bespoke Suits, trimmed and made in our own workrooms. Suits that are built with character, and guaranteed to give every satisfaction. In Blue Indigo Serge, guaranteed fast dye. Price 59/6.

We are able to make this splendid offer because we are being supported by the woollen mills who serve us direct, and save a middleman's profits.

Send us your breast measure and height, also send 3/- (no further payment until you have had the suit one month) and agree to pay 7/6 per month, and we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly. If you are not satisfied, we will return your deposit. Special terms arranged for customers who already have an account with us.

Hundreds of letters received from satisfied customers. Many write to say they had no idea they could get such good value for credit.

We can supply you with anything you want. Send for our illustrated catalogues.

PRICE **59/6**

John Blanford Dept. J. B. G.,

119-129, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1

This Family Tool Chest YOURS NOW

TRADE G.T.L MARK

7 days Approval Free of Cost

Practically every family needs more money these days. The cost of living leaves little margin for the extra comforts which make life more pleasant.

Many ways are constantly boomed as "Money-making," but none offer the pleasure, enjoyment and certainty that is the happy experience of G.T.L. enthusiasts. In every walk of life thousands of people—like yourself desirous to add to their income at home in spare time, have adopted the pleasant and profitable hobby of making articles for their own use and for sale.

The All-Best-British G.T.L. Tool Chest has put them on the road to a certain extra income and given them a new absorbing interest. With it all kinds of articles of Furniture and Fixtures can be made. Just as easily, all Home Repairs can be done and outside expense saved. Instead of spending, you will be saving—enjoying a new hobby—and giving added comfort to your family.

No Experience Necessary

A valuable Free Book of Instruction, containing over 200 working illustrations is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. If you have never handled a tool, you can be sure of immediate success, because this book tells you what to make and shows you step-by-step how to make it.

G.T.L. Tool Chest contains 50 fine Sheffield Tools

Fifty high quality articles—the finest All-Best-British Sheffield Tools, neatly fitted in steel clips, come to you direct from the manufacturers after careful testing. Everything for every purpose is here, and the G.T.L. Tool Chest stands alone in its quality and completeness.

Our Written Guarantee

is given with every chest. It is delivered on first payment of a few shillings on approval. If dissatisfied, the chest can be returned in 7 days and your deposit and carriage will be returned without question.

TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

Free A beautiful 24-page illustrated Brochure describing the G.T.L. Tool Chest and how you can make money will be sent if you post the coupon →

Post coupon now!

COUPON. (½d. stamp is sufficient on an unsealed envelope)

TO: GUARANTEED TOOLS LIMITED,
114-116, MARYLEBONE LANE, LONDON, W.1

Please send me by return, *free of all cost and obligation*, your beautiful, Illustrated Descriptive Book of the All-Best-British G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home-Repairing Outfit, together with particulars of price, and how I can own the chest *at once* for a small first payment.

Name .....

Address .....

JB 2, X9 .....

Please write clearly

DUGGIE NEVER OWES

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

DAILY LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY

NO LIMIT AT S.P.

NO LIMIT for singles at RACECOURSE TOTE PRICES to Win and Place or Places only.

MAN. NOV. H'CP.
MARKET PRICES GUARANTEED.

FOOTBALL
Six Leagues. Nothing Barred.

Most Liberal Odds Combined with Security

Send for Lists
WRITE TO-DAY, DON'T DELAY
Dept. 5,
DRURY ST., GLASGOW.

Safety First!
20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS
"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount, and if forwarded in accordance with our Rules,

"YOU ARE ON"

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.),
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.
ALL POSTAGE PAID.

MANCHESTER NOV. HANDICAP
Send at once for Price List.

FOOTBALL
TEN LISTS.
6 Leagues, 5 Leagues, 4 Leagues, etc.
NOTHING BARRED
IN ANY LEAGUE OR ON ANY LIST.
Send for the CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPON for fairest odds combined with ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

What NOVEMBER 11 Means to Me

MY observance of the two minutes' silence does not necessitate any physical exertion on my part. I just bow my head in reverence.

It is not that I am lazy. I have been in bed now for thirteen years, as a result of being in the way of Jerry's artillery.

During those two minutes I live again the hell of war, and pray fervently that they will serve as a means to world peace.

That unknown warrior might have been my kip-mate. That's why.—*"Cenotaph," Glam.*

Somewhere—

I remember two laughing blue eyes, a baby's head crowned with gold. A little form nestled close to my heart.

Two tiny hands clasped in prayer. The golden head bowed on my knee. The ring of a joyous shout, and clatter of schoolboy feet.

A proud, khaki-clad figure, a brave, eager young face that would not look sad at the parting.

And then . . . It is over. The "Last Post" sounds. And I know that somewhere in earth's cold arms the proud golden head lies cradled, and the blue eyes are closed for ever.—*"Mother," Newton.*

Suffering Alone

I am a woman who likes to suffer alone, and I cannot understand anyone who lost a father, brother or son in the war meeting at a memorial or the Cenotaph to show sorrow in front of millions.

I should think she would feel more in communion with her dead at home than in the midst of a crowd.—*M. R. A., Treeton.*

Youth—and Bitterness

I hardly know what it means. I am very young. The war is a dim remembrance.

I have been taught to observe the Silence, and I shall go on observing it. Yet I condemn it.

What good does it do? None whatever.

What harm? I do not know. To me it makes very little difference, but to those who have suffered, and are still suffering, who can say it does not tend to make them very bitter?

Youth wants Peace; we want to forget war. Such painful memories are best left alone.—*Eighteen, Braintree.*

In the Engine Room

Each year as Armistice Day comes round I give the engine room a special clean up. The governor is coming to spend the two minutes' silence there.

Each year has been spent so. Employer and employee, back again to the old days, united with those who have entered the straight.

No matter what difference of opinion I have with the governor, during that two minutes our thoughts, our prayers, are one. We are honouring the memory of the glorious dead, united in one great brotherhood.—*A. Watson, Ipswich.*

2 out of 18

It is my annual religious observance, when I concentrate my thoughts upon those I have loved and lost. In 1915 twenty lads joined up together—in 1918 only two remained to celebrate Armistice Day!

Small wonder, therefore, that I and my pal join hands during that impressive two minutes and let our minds go back to eighteen chums we shall never see again.

In that short passage of time we live the war over again, and we pledge ourselves not only to oppose war, but to refuse to participate in such a hellish method of settling differences.—*B. K., Aston.*

Selfish

I am naturally selfish. But the two minutes' silence is so impressive it seems to take me out of myself.

Thoughts crowd into my mind. Thoughts of sorrowing women and crippled men; of the tragedy and sufferings brought about through man's selfishness; of the miseries of life apart from wars; and of the need for thought, charity and kindly consideration.

And I find myself praying as I seldom pray; but I feel the better for it. And I think that perhaps others upon whom my thoughts have rested may feel a little better too.—*R. T., Lancs.*

The Dodger

I shirked the war—and it worries me. The two minutes' silence hurts me terribly. It seems like two hours.

All the time I stand with head bowed the phrase keeps running, running through my head, "You coward!"

The silence is my worst and best punishment. That's why I observe it.—*Dodger, Glasgow.*

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, November 12.

My Quick Way to End the Coal Trouble

"Never Again"

Just two minutes in which to live again four years of agony and death, and yet it is all-sufficient. When at the appointed hour each Armistice Day I stand bare-headed, with closed eyes and tightly pressed lips, I silently register the vow "Never again."

Every hour, every day, throughout the year I see around me the awful results of the greed for power; thank heaven then for just two minutes of Peace, in which again to register my vow.—*N. E. E., Stourbridge.*

He was Afraid

The lieutenant marched us with the prisoner to the outskirts of the little Belgian village.

Six rifles "pinged," and the dead man's head fell slowly on to his shoulder.

Tears rolled down his cheeks as the officer said:

"Men, I'm sorry, but it had to be done; the poor blighter ought never to have been here at all; he was afraid; but it had to be done—it's this bloody war."

I was one of the firing party, that's why I shall stand uncovered during the two minutes' silence.—*Ex-Corporal P., Newcastle.*

It Stabs

I gave three sons to the war, and they were killed, leaving me a baby boy to rear.

In his face is mirrored the lads who are no more. Hence my resolve that he shall not follow the terrible path they trod.

When the great "two minutes' silence" comes round, I observe it because, although it stabs and hurts, it intensifies my prayer for peace.

That wonderful interlude in the world's affairs gives all bereaved ones a chance for their prayers to commingle and impress their significance upon the usually thoughtless and apathetic multitude.—*Mrs. H. P., Birmingham.*

The German Prisoner

Amongst the friends I made during the war was a German sentry in a prison camp. On the morning of November 11, 1918, he sought me out and on the stroke of eleven we were standing with our hands clasped.

In his humble way he said that he hoped the time would never come again when one country would rise against the other.

With the thought of the horror we experienced during the four years of war still in my mind, I observe the Silence in the same hope. . . .—*R. Aylesbury, Doncaster.*

• • •

Heartbeats

This short interval, snatched from a year of happiness and sorrow, is the finest safeguard we have that war shall be no more.—*"Old Buff."*

The war brought me a better understanding of my fellow-men. I found a goodness, and readiness to make sacrifices, even in the worst.—*H. B., Sussex.*

I am young. Armistice Day means nothing to me. Yet in the two minutes' silence I obtain a glimpse of the reality of war. I bare my head and pray for strength for the cause of peace.—*J. H., Hunslet.*

Memory of my comrades' cheerful faces gives me strength to keep on in spite of physical sufferings and hardships, and to play the game. I know they expect it.—*Old Soldier, Farnham.*

My two dear boys lie in Flanders. I need nothing to remind me of them, but they asked me to be brave, and for those two sacred minutes I try to keep faith with them.—*A. M., London, S.E.*

My husband came through four years of fighting without a scratch. In memory of the millions who lost their lives, and in thankfulness for my husband's safe return, I keep "the Silence."—*S. C., North Somercotes.*

Every year the silence means a prayer of thankfulness to me that I had nobody to lose in that awful massacre. I am an orphan, but I feel for those who sacrificed their dearest.—*E. M. D.*

Covet that OX AND ASS

Race with "Silver Ring"

THE Cesarewitch - Cambridgeshire double was one for the "books" and I daresay many punters will chase their losses at Derby and Manchester before the curtain rings down on another flat racing season.

My experience of the November double is that it is the worst of the batch.

Even if one is sufficiently fortunate to find the winner of the Derby Cup, the bookmakers have two good allies in frost and fog, which often pop up and cause the abandonment of the Manchester November Handicap.

The best policy is to leave the precious pair alone until the last minute, or have a tilt at the Derby Cup and, if successful, play up winnings on the second "leg."

In this way, what you've got you hold, even if the Manchester November Handicap is abandoned. With ante-post doubles, bets are void unless both races are decided.

Sir Joshua, my revised selection for the Newbury Autumn Handicap, came up at the nice price of 100 to 9.

Before the race a kind friend told me that Major Sneyd's old horse was tied together with bits of string, but he had little to say as the eight-year-old went by the post an easy winner.

In this race I made a particular note of Ox and Ass, who looked a picture and finished third. His turn may come in the Lord Mayor's Handicap at Windsor.

Mrs. Drummond's colt was a fine three-year-old and did us several good turns. I put his fall from grace this season down to the firm going. If he gives the Windsor race a miss he is an obvious selection for one of the more important handicaps.

My week-enders are Ox and Ass, Basra and Berlingote.

J. Dines who can win on Ox and Ass

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

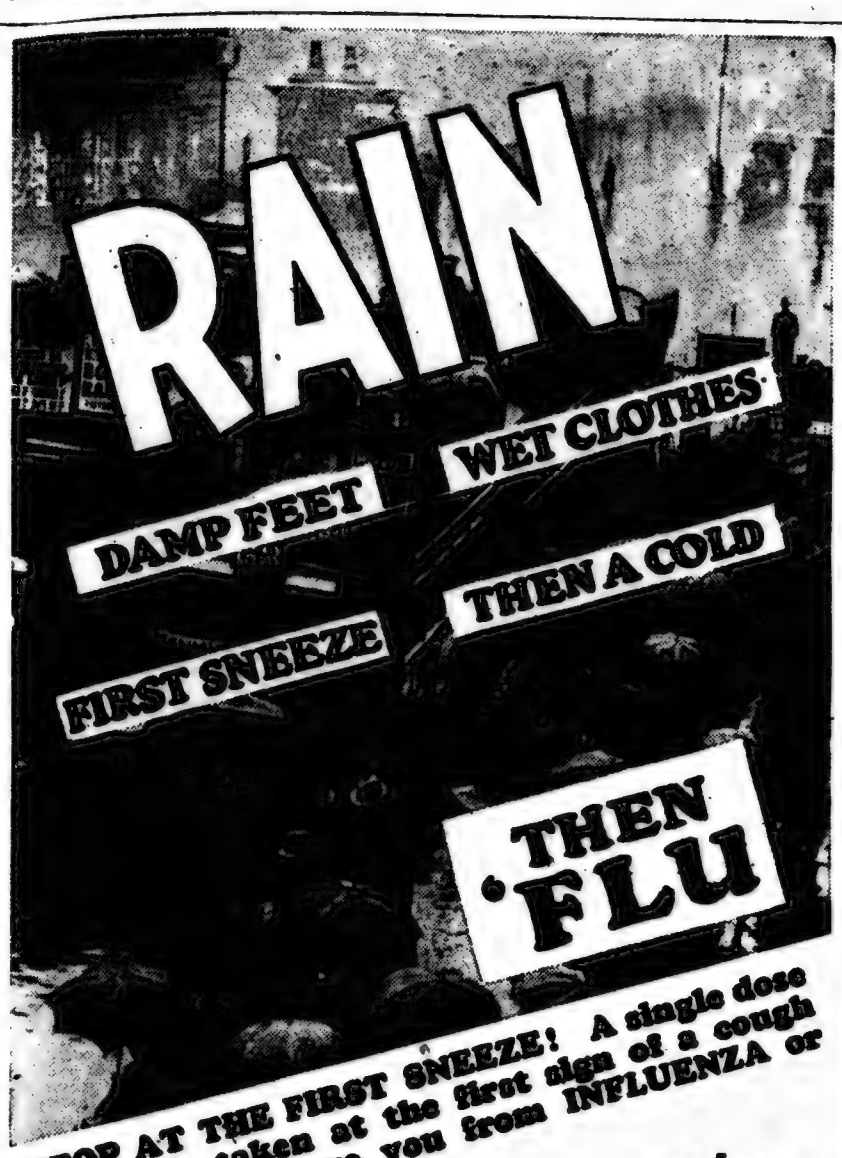
The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 7, to Wednesday, November 13

5	Y	C	X	P	J	E	O	3	A	T	U	N	R	H
G	D	B	M	F	V	W	2	K	I	9	S	L	Z	Q

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life*, read the one above or below, as the case may be.

C Z 2 E L V I B 3 would read BROWN JACK.

SILVER RING



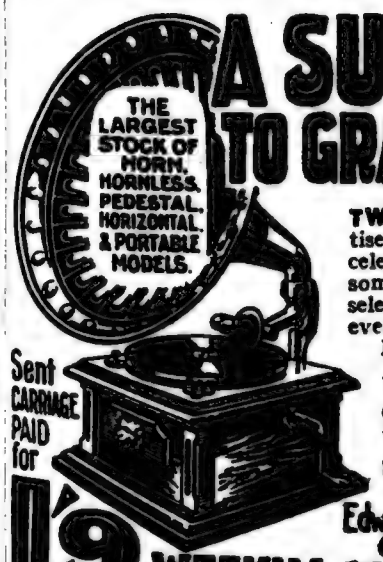
STOP AT THE FIRST SNEEZE! A single dose of Veno's taken at the first sign of a cough or cold may save you from INFLUENZA or BRONCHITIS.

1/3 and 3/- per bottle

VENO'S lightning COUGH CURE

For coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, influenza, asthma, and all complaints of the throat, chest and lungs. Of all chemists.

A SURPRISE OFFER TO GRAMOPHONE BUYERS



Sent CARRIAGE PAID for 11/9 WEEKLY

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO my advertisement first appeared in "John Bull." To celebrate the occasion I shall give a handsomely bound RECORD ALBUM and a nice selection of RECORDS FREE OF CHARGE to every reader who orders a Gramophone, which I send on 14 Days' Approval, Carriage Paid.

WRITE NOW FOR A FREE COPY OF MY CATALOGUE AND YOU WILL BE SURPRISED AT MY MONEY-SAVING AND ATTRACTIVE OFFERS.

Edwd O'Brien Ltd. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEPT. 34 COVENTRY.

ULCERS

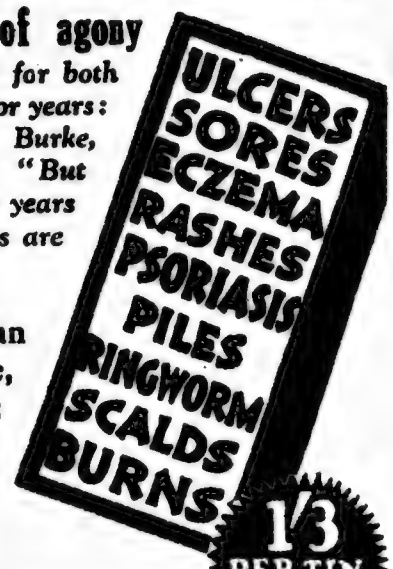
Years of needless suffering before she tried Germolene. (Germolene stops the pain AT ONCE.)

"I tried everything I could think of..."

YOU don't have to wait weeks—or months—before you can tell if Germolene is going to cure you. The FIRST dressing brings relief, soothes the pain, starts to *eject* all the poisonous matter. In a few days the skin is well on the way to healing—without pain and usually without leaving scars.

Instant relief . . after years of agony

"I tried everything I could think of for both ankles, which were terribly ulcerated for years: but without relief," writes Mrs. L. Burke, of 4 Wyvil St., Vauxhall, S.W.8. "But Germolene brought relief at once, after years of agony and suffering; both ankles are now completely healed up."



Germolene is wonderful—all an ointment should be. Aseptic, non-smarting, instantly soothing; perfect healing properties, leaving no scars. Keep a tin handy for accidents—*always*.

1/3 PER TIN A VENO PRODUCT

HAVE YOU TRIED GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP YET?

Germolene ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING 1/3 and 3/- A Veno Product

Rheumatism

—now free, thanks to Kruschen

"An excruciating pain in the left shoulder joint induced me to take Kruschen Salts, in an endeavour to obtain some rest at night. This happened in February last, and in spite of the intense cold, after taking Kruschen as directed for four days, the pain completely disappeared. The relief was wonderful. You are certainly right about "the little daily dose." For the first time for over ten years I have been free from skin trouble this year. Thus Kruschen kills two birds with one stone."

10th Oct., 1929. G. G., Gainsborough.

It is the needle-pointed crystals of uric acid, lodging between the joints, which are responsible for the agony of rheumatism.

Kruschen Salts dissolve these torturing crystals and promptly expel them from the system. Moreover, Kruschen taken regularly keeps your liver and kidneys in perfect tune so that these eliminating organs free your inside from all poison-breeding waste products. Kruschen, you see, makes it quite impossible for deadly uric acid ever to form again.

Tasteless in Tea.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

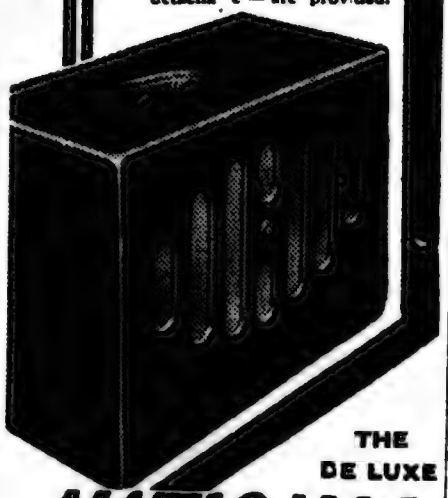
Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to day.

30/- DOWN and 30/- a month for 11 months. CASH PRICE 15 GNS.

BRINGS THIS LONG RANGE PORTABLE TO YOUR HOME

The National de Luxe Portable is a five-valve portable wireless set of exceptional quality and amazing value. Home and Foreign stations are received with ease and clarity. Absolutely complete in a polished oak cabinet, the 'National' will play anywhere—indoors or outdoors—there are no outside wires or connections to make. A leather carrying strap and waterproof cover—both instantly detachable—are provided.



THE DE LUXE NATIONAL PORTABLE RADIO

NATIONAL ELECTRIC CO.

10/14, BEAK STREET, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

(Division of the Gramophone & Radio Co. Ltd.)

THIS is our SQUARE OFFER

"John Bull's" £500 Must be Won Crossword.

JOIN our big "circle" and fill in the "squares" on the right "lines." If you approach the job from the proper "angle" this big prize will be "thrust" on you. Don't let yourself be "cornered"—don't let a little "check" prevent your receiving a big "cheque." "Square up" to it NOW.

Clues Across.

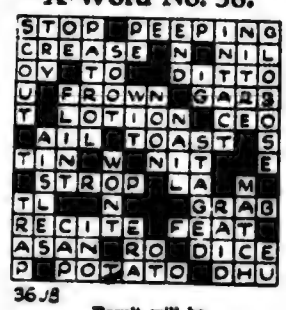
1. Rodents.
3. Fertile desert spot.
6. Way out.
7. Alone.
9. Farm building.
11. Many.
13. Most certain.
14. To be furious.
15. Impair.
16. A journey.
17. Sketch.
18. Keeps the fire going.
19. A tendon.
20. Distributor of alms.
22. To decrease.
24. To fly aloft.
25. Receptacle for articles.
26. Leads to detection.
27. Want.
28. Deprived of a sense.

Clues Down.

1. Prize.
2. Rank.
3. Possess.
4. ". . . . and heeled."
5. Receptacle for liquids.
8. The one who doesn't win.
10. Made in the earth.
12. Common yellow flowered plant.
13. Go with cups.
16. One of a pair.
21. Staff of office.
22. Heated.
23. Street urchin.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 36.



36 JB

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 36 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed this Crossword try a "Happy X-Word" in "The Passing Show," Friday, 2d. £100 First Prize. £25 for runners-up. THREE attempts for your 6d.

An extra £50 for runners-up!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of "John Bull" Crossword No. 38 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity — no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry. Entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), November 14th.

SOLUTION of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, NOV. 21st. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, NOV. 28th. Result of "John Bull" X-Word No. 37 appears on page 18.

Closing Date: Thursday (Noon) November 14th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 38

Entry Form "A."

38 JB. *Do not separate these forms.*

Entry Form "B."

38 JB.

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday noon) November 14th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle in next column IN ORDINARY INK, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to: "John Bull," Crosswords (No. 38), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, November 14th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mis-laid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. **No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, November 28th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, December 3rd,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £1, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid. Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny will be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50, the £25 and £10 winners of which will be decided according to the result of the original searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with letters for editorial or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

THE HAT TRICK!

"BULLETS"

No. 732—FIRST
No. 732—SECOND
No. 732—THIRD

WERE ALL won by READERS OF THE

Leader

THE COMPLETE COMPETITION JOURNAL

Competitors in BULLETS (and all other Literary competitions) cannot afford to miss the helpful advice given in every issue of THE LEADER. Not only are all recent winning lines reviewed, but it also gives helpful suggestions on all current examples. In addition you will find a reliable

SOLUTION TO JOHN BULL'S £500 CROSSWORD

and all other current competitions. No paper devotes anywhere near as much space to competitions as THE LEADER, which is bought and read by over 300,000 enthusiastic competitors every week. Once you have seen a copy for the first time, you will become a regular reader. Ask your newsagent to-day for a copy of

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SAVE YOURSELF MISERY

WITH BOILS, CARBUNCLES, and other forms of local blood infection.

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LION OINTMENT

From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per box; or post free from Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 59C, Grey's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

FREE BOOKLET Send Postcard for it to above address.

TRADE MARK.

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53, P.C.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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SEND NO MONEY. You can test this wonderful NEW & IMPROVED
7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

VITA-PHONIC SOUNDBOX

Irish and Foreign Orders Cash Only.

FREE at our Expense. The results obtained by this new design of the famous VITA-PHONIC Soundbox far exceed the first pattern so successfully introduced by us a year ago. We are so confident that it will please you that we will send it to you on 7 days' free trial. The improvement in tone over ordinary soundboxes is immense, and the Vita-Phonic will make the smallest portable instrument sound like an expensive cabinet gramophone.
Fill in the coupon below and get the full benefit of the beautiful music on your records straightaway.

Call and hear one yourself.

Cut this Coupon here and post TO-DAY.

Please send me on 7 days' free trial your New VITA-PHONIC SOUNDBOX.

I promise to pay after 7 days 3/- and 5 weekly payments of 2/- (making 13/-), or 10/6 cash, or return in good condition. State if soundbox slips over or into tone arm. Cross out which does not apply.

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Write plainly in pencil.
UNIVERSAL SALES CO. (Dept. 84), Mitre House, 177, Regent Street, London, W.

To get the best results use
VITA-PHONIC
Loud or Medium **NEEDLES**
with your Vita-Phonic Soundbox. This combination will give you results far superior to any you have conceived possible before. One needle will play ten records; a shilling box plays 1,000. 1/- per box or 3 boxes 2/6 post free Cash only.

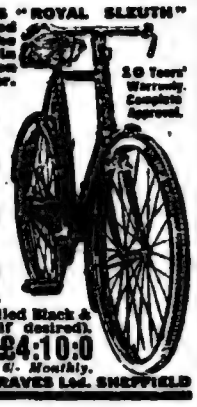
BILIOUSNESS

QUICKLY RELIEVED

A coated tongue, sour acid stomach, dull aching head. One or two Carter's Little Liver Pills will quickly cleanse the system. A doctor's prescription, they can be given to any member of the family. Chemists, 1/3 & 3/- phials.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

6/ NOW

THE GRAVES "ROYAL SLEUTH" Single-Speed cycle marks the biggest step in price reduction since the War.



10 Years' Warranty. Complete Approval.

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DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.
DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.
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Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price. Carriage Paid. **£4:10:0**
TERMS: 6/ with ord.r, and 6/- Monthly.
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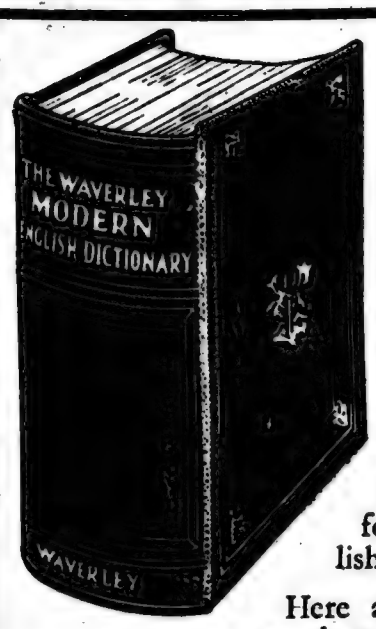

By the Aid of the Waverley Dictionary I shared in the £1,000 Crossword Prize in "The People"

—Mr. B. J. Owlett, Kendal.

In the "Waverley" you will find words that are not to be found in other dictionaries published at anywhere near its price.

Here are just a few of the many words to be found in the "Waverley" and are not to be found in the average dictionary. See if your dictionary contains these words. If it does not, then you need the "Waverley."

Filasse	Flong	Sistroid	Heptastitch
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2/6 Deposit brings you this Book, but send no money now. Sign and send Coupon and receive prospectus, together with particulars of our VERY EASY terms of payment.

To the Waverley Book Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.H.) 96 and 97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send your Free Prospectus of the Waverley Dictionary; also information as to your offer to send the work for a small deposit.

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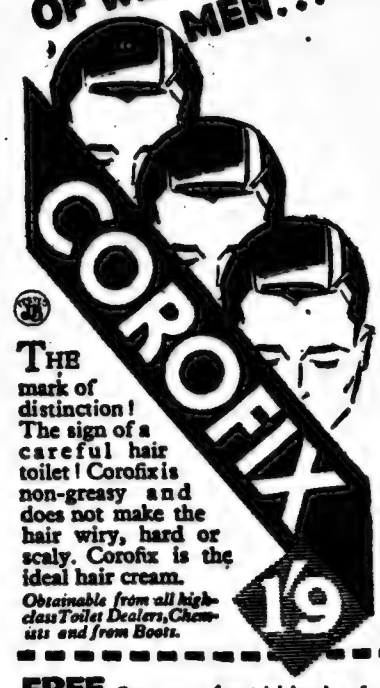
J.B.H. 1929.....
(Use unsealed envelope—½d. stamp.)

ON THE HEADS OF WELL GROOMED MEN.....



THE mark of distinction! The sign of a careful hair toilet! Corofix is non-greasy and does not make the hair wiry, hard or scaly. Corofix is the ideal hair cream.

Obtainable from all high-class Toilet Dealers, Chemists and from Boots.

FREE Post me a free trial bottle of Corofix. I enclose 3d in stamps to cover post and packing.

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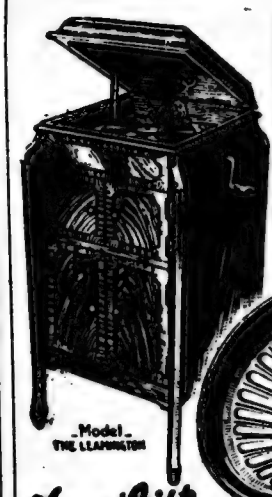
The Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. Cunard Building, Liverpool. 2 CX1-240

A Free Gift Offer appears on p. 27



MY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SHOWS ALL KINDS OF MODELS from 1/9 WEEKLY

Free Gift of Records, Album & Needles

I will gladly send any Gramophone and Records **ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.** Money refunded if dissatisfied. You choose Records from the largest stock in the country. Lowest cash prices, or easy terms to suit your pocket.
Testimonials from Everywhere.

Chas. T. Robey Ltd
THE WORLD'S PROVIDER, Dept. 2 COVENTRY

WRITE FOR FINE ART CATALOGUE NOW

Our portrait is of MASTER EVANS, of 56, Fairview Place, Dingle, Liverpool, whose mother writes:—

"My boy got a scratch from a nail which caused blood poisoning throughout his system—soon he was covered with sore places; each week some would heal, but more would come. Then I was given some Clarke's Blood Mixture to try, and in a month there was a difference: the sores were not so big, and, continuing with the mixture, gradually they were all gone."

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is especially valuable in the treatment of:—

THE BLOOD, SKIN, GLANDS, JOINTS, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Eczema, Sores, Abscesses, Ulcers.

It removes the cause of the complaint from the blood and has remarkable healing properties.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

3/- *per bottle. Six times the quantity* 12/-

Avoid cheaper substitutes said to be 'Just as good'

Still FIGHTING!

MORNING and evening Dick's dad carries his two babies to and from the district *crèche*. The two-year-old child weighs only 15 lb.; he cannot walk and he has to undergo an operation to his throat to enable him to eat properly. The other is an infant of seven months.

When their father gets back to the one room they occupy there is Dicky, aged four, to be looked after, and a boy of eleven to be cared for.

Dicky

Dick's dad is one of the best, but his heart at present is very heavy. His wife, an epileptic, is for the eighth time this year confined in a mental ward.

"The children are happier without her," their father affirms, which is not to be wondered at.

The neighbours describe her as inhuman. She once attempted to cut Dick's throat, and that killed the last remnant of her husband's regard for her. Dick's family is destitute. The father says: "I have to stop at home to look after these children at the expense of getting their living. I cannot look for work, and they have been neglected as regards food and clothing. They have no boots and I cannot make sufficient to pay my rent. I am refused relief and told to go inside the 'house.'

"When people remark that that would be the best thing, I tell them that when I went out to France to fight for my country I didn't go to fight for the workhouse—and if I can fight for my country I can fight for my children."

Happily, the United Services Fund is shortly taking the two youngest children into a home, and Dicky will be attending school.

Their father says: "If only I can get sufficient to stock a barrow I can maintain myself and the two boys, and pay something towards my wife in an epileptic colony."

We are close on Armistice Day, and here is an ex-Service man who put up a brave fight for his country and is putting up a brave fight for his home.

What an opportunity for those who would honour their "unreturning brave" to contribute, through the "Greatest of These ——" Fund, towards a well-stocked barrow for Dick's ex-Service father!

"The Greatest of These —"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Miss Coombs, 5s.; E. Howard (Manchester), 2s.; Anon, 3s.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. C. M. Bland, 5s.; Mrs. E. Spriggs, 1s.; Anon (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; E. Cox, 1s.; T. R. X. L., 4s. 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; E. Cooks, 1s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; L. E. C. (Didsbury), 1s.; Len, 6d.; A. M. (Bridgnorth), 2s.; Glenlea, 1s.; W. E. P., 1s.; Widow (Suffolk), 5s.; Mother of Two, 6d.; Mrs. Eastley (Dorset), 6d.; "?" 1s. 8d.; Anon (Maidstone), 6d.; Mrs. H. Pickford (Bradford), 5s.; Mr. Henry Davies (Bramley), 5s.; Mr. F. Lunney (Belfast), 2s. 6d.; S. (Taunton), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Anon (Relton), 2s. 6d.; E. L. C. (Darwen), 2s.; Silver Lining, 6d.; Florence M. Johnson (Whitstable), 2s. 6d.; A Well Wisher, 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Sympathiser, E. U., 6d.; Ethel (W'ton), 5s.; K. Chislett, 6d.; John Anderson (Bathgate), 1s.; Robert Steel (Deptford), 1s.; Anniversary (Nfk.), 1s. 6d.; Lucy (Waterlane), 2s. 6d.; J. C. (Black Heath, B'ham), 3d.; Anon (Salisbury), 8s. 6d.; D. Nichol (Jarrow), 2s. 6d.; L. Dodgson, 5s.; F. Burring (Plymouth), 2s. 6d.; H. Hopkinson (Bradford), 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; L. V., 6d.; Lilyame (E.8), 1s.; By Will of Mrs. Emily Sheppard (Decd.), £10; A Bow Reader, 6d.; Old Navy R. R., 2s.; Anon (Bournemouth), 6d.; Small Bullets Winner (No. 730), 6d.; Anon (Newport), 1s.; Louie, Nila and Ena (Apperley Bridge), 6s.; B. W., 1s.; J. C. L. L., 1s.; F. D. (Walderslade), 1s.; Poor Woman (Trinkets), 7s. 6d.; W. F. Banks (Preston), 2s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Anon (India), £2 4s.; P. C., 6d.; E. Birkbeck (Darwen), 1s.; Ex-Gunner, 5s.; Raggles, 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; Mrs. J. Beetson, 2s.; Mite, 6d.; E. Phillips (India), 1s.; Mrs. Stark (Carluke), 5s.; W. G. (Carnforth), 5s.; E. Rayner (for luck), 9d.; Grateful (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; Jumping Joshua, 5s.; A Poor Working Lad, 1s.; James Innes (Gisborne, N.Z.), £1; Miss L. Sinclair (Shetland), 10s. 6d.; My Prayer Answered Again, 5s.; On the 9th, 3d.; Mr. Gordon R. Evenden, 2s.; Ash Grove, 1s. 3d.; A Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Thankoffering (Lowestoft), £1; Malcolm Dennistoun, 2s.; Anon (Reading), 1s. 3d.; Thankful (Worcester), 5s.; A Friend, 5s.; One of the Million, 3d.; Grateful (Cowes), 5s.; 3 p p p (Horsted Keynes), 3d.; An Old Reader, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. E. Owen (Manitoba), £1 0s. 2d.; M. S., 1s.; P. E. V., 6s.; J. Tait, 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: A Reader of JOHN BULL; Mrs. E. Hitchcock; L. G.; M. C. (Penarth); L. G. (Evesham); Mrs. S. (West Ealing); Mrs. E. Parkin (Hereford); Mrs. A. Sargent (S. Norwood); One Who Knows Poverty; L. L. (Willesden); A. Reader (Eastbourne); Halpha; Mrs. Latimer and Mrs. King; Marston (Brighton); D. Gardner (Westcliff-on-Sea); Rodden; Mrs. L. Beandwood (Hesketh Bank); Martin (Chichester); Mrs. W. Middleditch; Mother of Six (Minehead); Sympathiser Polgooth); H. B. and D. B. (Melton); Parkstone; Mrs. J. Beetson; Mrs. S. Eastley (Dorset); Miss Coombs (Salisbury); Mrs. East (Canterbury); M. E. Morley (Rugby); S. B. (Littleport); M. Soames (Reigate); R. Brenning (Guildford), Miss Coombs (Salisbury), F. D. (Walderslade).

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Then you're *quite sure* of getting the best.

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in every quantity must be used. A 4½d. carton contains 6 and an 8½d. carton 12 separate pint pkts.—the exact quantity to make a perfect custard

Dental Plates *or* Wedding Bells?

One way of realising that ambition

"AT last it will be possible to get that new set of false teeth that I have not been able to afford," said Mrs. S. W. Rodgers, of 39, Park Street, Brandon Colliery, Co. Durham; and a smile suffused her pleasant face.

Mrs. Rodgers has won a half-share in our Crossword Competition No. 34, and this is what she says about that £250.

"It is a godsend and will give life a new meaning to me. My husband was killed in the war, and my only income has been my war widow's pension. It has been a hard trial. . . .

"Work has been scarce here and many of us in the village have had to live from hand to mouth.

"I can promise JOHN BULL that this money will be used wisely and well. We have learned to live on little, and we will take equal care of this large sum which I have won.

"I cannot too deeply express my thanks."

* * *

The second £250 goes to Mr. J. D. Clarke, 123, Brentfield Road, Willesden, London, N.W.

"A long time ago I was very keen on crosswords," he told us; "but I became dissatisfied with the way they were run and I stopped entering. Now, with my second attempt in the JOHN BULL contests, I've pulled off this award!

"JOHN BULL crosswords are ideal. The system of judging gives the competitor the minimum of trouble."

They only won £250 each, you may win £500

"What are you going to do with the money?" he was asked.

Before he could answer, a pretty young woman entered, and being introduced as the future Mrs. Clarke, presented an unspoken reply.

"I must go out. I want to tell mother. I want to tell the world," were her excited outbursts when the news was retold: "Jack, you're a bigger darling than ever."

* * *

The moral is rather obvious; but it may help you to know that this week's puzzle appears on page 38.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH A COLD OR COUGH AT THIS TIME OF YEAR

If someone in your family is suffering with a cold, influenza, or has a deep-seated cough, here is a famous old recipe that will bring them quick relief.

From your chemist secure 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it ¼-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessert-spoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day. This will give instant relief and will usually cure the most obstinate cold or cough within twenty-four hours, and you will not need to stay in bed or discontinue your regular duties.

It is splendid, too, for whooping cough, catarrh, croup, and bronchial hoarseness.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a slight tonic effect—all excellent features in the treatment of colds and influenza. This recipe is highly recommended, and thousands of people know its value.

Every person suffering from a cold, cough or influenza should try this recipe. There is nothing better.

NO MORE ACID STOMACHS

A Simple, Safe and Reliable Way of Removing Gas and Acid from the System.

During recent years stomach troubles due to acidity have increased so rapidly that the following information will undoubtedly be welcomed by many. Acidity is caused by an inactive pancreas gland or a lack of proper digestive fluids in the stomach. Science has recently found that a little Karnoid taken at night just before retiring will quickly eliminate this acid condition from the system and restore the pancreas gland again to healthy action. One will often notice a decided improvement after the very first tablet, and in a short time even chronic sufferers can eat or drink what they like with no thought of pain or discomfort. Anyone suffering from any form of stomach trouble, acidity, gas or constipation should give Karnoid Tablets a trial. They cost little and are sold by good chemists everywhere.

12 REASONS

why you should always wear

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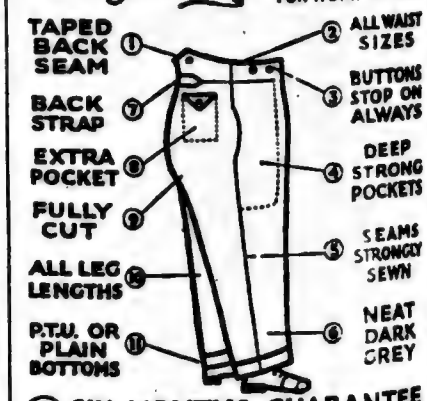

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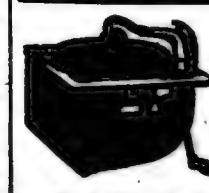

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Regent Fittings Co., 233, 235, 237 St., London, E.C.1.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

P. N. (Islington).—"He is a teetotaller, vegetarian and non-smoker, and recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday!" But how?

O. O. N. (Bray).—"I wrote three letters to my rich aunt." SOS?

R. R. (Devonport).—"My wife is in a critical condition." Most wives are.

DISGUSTED (Sutton).—"In order to be fashionable the modern girl has to be too fast." And to fast.

S. J. (Wandsworth).—"How long can a baritone hold a note?" First of all, is the baritone married or single?

F. D. (Burnley).—"I had my voice tested for the Talkies, but failed." Great Scott! It must be bad!

T. D. (Fulham).—"I haven't a good word for the automatic telephone." We have.

A. C. (Grassington).—"You can't be an aviator in a week." But you can stop being one in a second.

N. W. (Burslem).—"Some motor-cycles make a fearful noise when they go." The others only make a fearful noise.

BERT (Alnwick).—"What can you suggest will make my little car go?" Forget to pay your instalments.

NORAH (Birkenhead).—"The shortening of women's skirts will lead to economy." Yes, when both ends meet.

A. B. (Nairn).—"A wise woman knows her mind." And a wise man never minds her "no."

D. P. (Burnley).—"It was proposed and seconded at the meeting that I should be presented with a portable wireless set." And did you carry it?

F. P. (Grendon).—"I can generally get rid of a headache by writing letters." You simply transfer it to those who read them.

D. C. (Exeter).—"What should a football referee examine first when he goes on the field of play?" The emergency exits.

F. D. (Tamworth).—"I believe the saxophone will be much cheaper in 1930." Perhaps it will, but let's get over this year's troubles first.

G. P. (Hull).—"It cost me £9 to speak for three minutes on the transatlantic 'phone." Yet another proof that silence is golden.

N. B. (Chester).—"No wife would dream of selecting her husband's clothes." Yet she sometimes picks the pockets.

G. Y. (Berwick).—"Who began the superstition that it is unlucky for three persons to use the same match?" The match manufacturers.

M. A. (Biggleswade).—"The average woman now wears ounces of clothes where she used to wear pounds." But she still pays pounds for the ounces.

M. B. (Preston).—"An old sweetheart offered me his hand and fortune. But I refused both." I suppose the one was too large and the other too small.

P. P. (Isleworth).—"A man walking on the road can usually get a lift from a passing motorist." Sometimes when he doesn't expect one.

Mrs. P. J. (Eccles).—"I have found little change in my husband's ways since we married." What about his pockets?

L. W. (Bootle).—"Many motor-cars have been put away for the winter." Many pedestrians have been put away for good.

E. C. (Dunfermline).—"A Scotch haggis is vegetable, animal and mineral." The haggis we once tasted was uneatable, abominable and criminal.

K. O. (Tufnell Park).—"Most people laugh when a joke is cracked." We have seen crowds of people splitting, ourselves, over the jokes in the JOHN BULL Christmas Annual.

GEORGE (Ely).—"I've half a mind to get married." That's all you'll need.

C. G. (Egham).—"Can animals be imprisoned?" Haven't you ever heard of jugged hare?

A. N. (Stafford).—"Which is the most pathetic book in the English language?" Our pass-book.

G. M. (Harwood).—"Baldness adds to the dignity of middle age." It gives a man a certain polish.

G. M. (Soho).—"Every picture tells a story." Every Hollywood picture seems to tell the same story.

A. R. (Balham).—"How can I get the shape of my nose altered?" Poke it into someone else's business.

M. W. (Heywood).—"I never trust a man who squints." No. He doesn't look straight to us either.

G. F. (Watford).—"How can I get more eggs from my hens?" Get more hens.

E. S. (Herne Hill).—"When I get home on pay nights my wife has everything all ready for me." And all ready from you?

D. J. (Hampstead).—"He has a wireless aerial made of barbed wire." He evidently objects to sparrows sitting down on his property.

S. M. (Croydon).—"I have been cooking my breakfast for the last ten years." There must be something wrong with your stove.

P. B. (Nantwich).—"There is a superstition here that if you find a four-leaved clover you will get married." In most places, however, it means that you have good luck.

J. N. (Blackheath).—"There are plenty of bargains in the shops for the woman who looks round." She has to go to the outsize department for them nowadays.

N. C. (Hammersmith).—"I have a funny old clock." Perhaps a beauty surgeon could help you.

L. K. (Hanley).—"Why should 'psychic' be spelled with a P?" It peertainly does peem pelly.

P. J. (Grimsby).—"An accidental meeting can change a career." If it is with a motor-car it can finish it.

WAFFER (Leeds).—"My wife helped me to finish my first book." Was it a cheque-book?

L. N. (Yarmouth).—"How many women pause for reflection?" All—in front of a mirror.

C. T. (Chenies).—"I have given up painting water-colours." Why? The drought is over, now.

P. N. (Ealing).—"Nothing sounds worse than a gramophone that is nearly run down." Ever heard a pedestrian?

AMY B. (Hampstead).—"Naturally women are better looking than men." Not naturally—artificially.

H. H. (Birmingham).—"I have been dreadfully pinched for money lately." Ask her to kiss you for a change.

G. F. (Hitchin).—"A man can't expect to keep his job if he is always behind." What about a railway guard?

B. L. (Croydon).—"It seems that, whatever the weather is, it doesn't agree with some people." Especially meteorological experts.

S. K. H. (Massachusetts).—"The women here are talking of forming an Anti-Baby League." Taking the ma out of Massachusetts!

J. M. (Newcastle).—"It's no good asking your wife what she wants with a new frock." No, she'll just say she wants a new hat with it.

A. W. (Glasgow).—"My dance hall is not doing well, so I intend to open a skating rink." It will certainly be something to fall back on.

J. T. (Bedford).—"I see that a phrenologist has refused to read a well-known M.P.s head." Well, splinters in the hand can be really dangerous.

HILDA M. (Finchley).—"He often tries to put his arm round my waist." You should go in for one of these "slimming" treatments.

J. M. S. (Rugby).—"For repartee my wife takes the biscuit." Get her to tackle the *Bullets Examples* this week—she may take one of the Christmas Cakes.

P. L. (Hampstead).—"Three times I have started to come and see you but have only got half-way." We don't mind as long as you keep in your own half.

W. T. (Kennington).—"Why shouldn't there be a special theatre reserved for plays which shock?" There seem several already reserved for shocking bad ones.

A. H. (Leigh).—"True lovers are few." But not far between.

L. S. (Harrow).—"War broke out soon after I got married." It always does.

T. P. (Dorking).—"I have commenced sword-swallowing in a small way." What are you using? Pocket-knives?

R. P. (Brixton).—"Only one play in every hundred is worth producing." Then why isn't it produced?

G. J. (Stockport).—"Does any man really know how to handle a woman?" Yes, a trapeze performer.

DORIS (Harringay).—"I've told him for the last time I will not." Then we presume the next time you will.

E. N. (Wallsend).—"What will tear a woman away from a hat-shop?" Another hat-shop.

J. D. (Salisbury).—"A man is all the better for having been caned when a boy." It certainly leaves a lasting impression behind.

Miss F. G. (Kilburn).—"When I marry I know I will be too timid to search my husband's pockets." You will soon get your hand in.

Mrs. N. (Leyton).—"Do you suppose that my husband spends week-ends at Brighton for nothing?" No, the landladies wouldn't let him.

T. W. (Oxford).—"I am thinking about ploughing my ten-acre field." Turning it over in your mind, so to speak.

D. C. (Sydenham).—"My young man proposed four times before I accepted him." Didn't you hear him the first three times?

S. M. (Blackheath).—"When I don't know a thing I say at once 'I don't know it.'" Doesn't it become monotonous?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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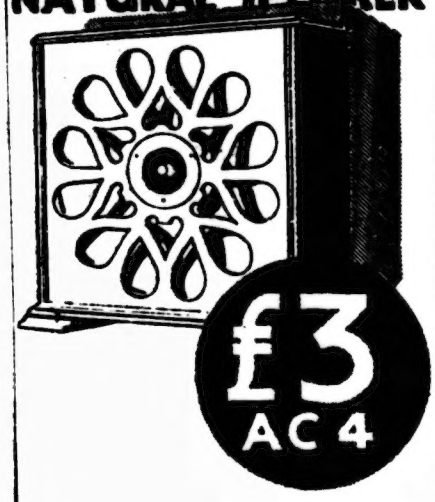

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SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcome. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

DAILY MAIL:—"The bride will hold a red leather Prayer-book as well as ALL THE BRIDESMAIDS."

NORTHAMPTON DAILY CHRONICLE:—"Don't FAIL to MISS this great treat."

FOLKESTONE HERALD:—"'Journey's End' which was played at the Pleasure Gardens Theatre for the three last days of NEXT WEEK."

COLNE AND NELSON TIMES:—"The boy promised to GET INTO trouble again."

HOME CHAT:—"She SAW the ordered garden LYING OUT OF SIGHT."

COMPLETE DETECTIVE NOVEL MAGAZINE:—"Keith stood in the doorway, BOTH hands on his hips, his THUMB AND FOREFINGER stroking his chin."

GIRLS' FRIEND LIBRARY:—"April knocked upon the door which presently opened about AN INCH, to permit a slatternly-looking woman to POKE HER HEAD OUT."

MILLION DOLLAR STORY (Edgar Wallace):—"Blessington saw the man suddenly stand ERECT and CROUCHING for a spring."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"He said that he spent TWO MONTHS at Vladivostock in AUGUST."

RESTLESS NIGHTS CAUSED BY ACID STOMACH.

Sleeplessness and restlessness are frequently caused by a form of indigestion arising from excess acid which causes fermentation of the food in the stomach. While this goes on sound sleep is impossible, but the fermenting unrest can be quelled and peaceful stomach conditions restored by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after the last meal or before retiring. Whether indigestion is so severe as to be intensely painful or just enough to cause general restlessness, 'Bisurated' Magnesia, by neutralising excess stomach acid, preventing fermentation and soothing the irritated stomach lining, gives quick relief and induces sound, refreshing sleep. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is obtainable from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a package in powder (mint or plain) or handy tablet form, and there is nothing better to relieve indigestion whether it disturbs sleep at night or causes discomfort after meals during the day.

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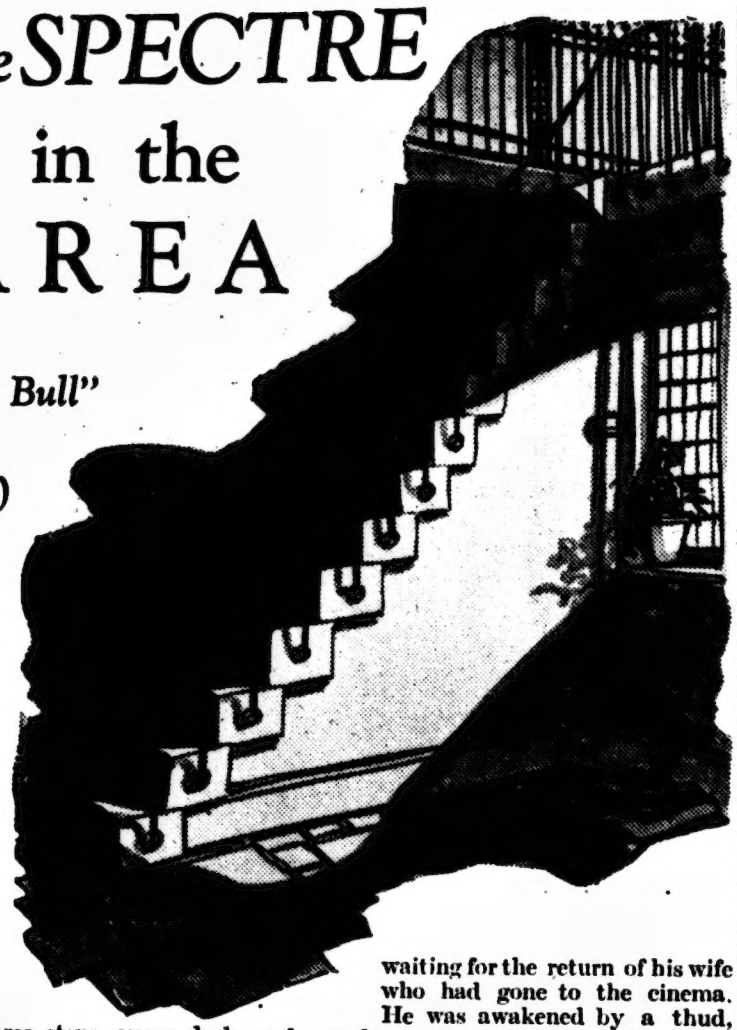
ASK YOUR CHEMIST ABOUT HONEY SYRUP.

He can tell you that the ingredients which are printed on every package of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup include some of Nature's finest remedies. Among them you will find such things as Squills, Ipecac, Menthol and Balsam of Tolu which your own doctor has often prescribed for coughs, catarrh and bronchial troubles, frequently perhaps for you or your children. The ideal compounding of these ingredients with pure Honey in this form explains why so many users of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup have spoken gratefully of its amazing success in instantly relieving painful and wearying coughs, catarrh, sore throats, etc. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup is an ample dose and any chemist can provide a good supply for eighteen-pence.
If there's a cough in the house, here is a certain remedy.

The SPECTRE in the AREA



"John Bull" pays £100

THE area-steps yawn dark and forbidding. Those who tread them at night must go warily. The spectre of accident lurks in just such places as these—in area and cellar and in dark passages—as so many JOHN BULL readers know to their cost.

Mr. T. Little, of 3, Western Terrace, Notting Hill, London, W.11, was dozing in his chair, waiting for the return of his wife who had gone to the cinema. He was awakened by a thud, and on going to the area found his wife at the foot of the steps, dead. She had missed her footing and plunged to her death.

JOHN BULL has dispatched to her husband a cheque for £100 under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift.

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Post this Coupon to
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.
.....
Reader's Signature.
Age .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....
.....
Date .....
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 9/11/29.

JOHN BULL'S
Great Pen Offer
With every "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen, guaranteed for five years, "John Bull" will present to you absolutely FREE a magnificent 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser. Send 6 coupons and P.O. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage and insurance.
Cash the Coupons
2/6
EVERPOINTED PENCIL
FREE

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all) ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib. JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. 9/11/29.

Sweeping Success of EVERYBODY'S READERS IN "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZES

£22,885 Won This Year alone. 29 out of 37 Firsts.

It is an amazing fact that out of the 37 First Prizes awarded in "BULLETS" contests this year, no fewer than 29 have been won by readers of **"Everybody's."** This makes a total of £22,885 won by readers of "Everybody's" in "Bullets" First Prizes alone this year. Our successes include the following big prizes:—

£1,500 in **"Bullets" No. 698.**
£3,000 (or £8 a week for life) in **"Bullets" No. 708.**
£2,500 in **"Bullets" No. 714.**
£1,000 in **"Bullets" No. 718.**
£3,000 in **"Bullets" No. 721.**
£1,000 in **"Bullets" No. 726.**
2,000 GUINEAS in **"Bullets" No. 730.**

Miss M. E. Tarrant, who won the colossal 2,000 Guineas first prize paid the following eloquent tribute to "Everybody's":—

"I have been a reader of "Everybody's" for a long time, and, quite apart from its competition pages, I find it an ideal paper."

Do you know that

Everybody's Readers Have Won £106,000

in competition prizes this year alone? No other paper can show such an amazing record of success. Week after week "Everybody's" readers figure in the big "Bullets," "Nuggets," "Trumps," Picture Puzzles,

CROSSWORDS

and other prize lists. **As "Everybody's" has helped them so it can help you too.** You will be surprised and delighted with the wonderful paper you get for twopence in "Everybody's." In addition to its many pages of competition advice, and its complete solutions with all alternatives for Crosswords and Picture Puzzles, "Everybody's" gives you 36 pages of Short Stories, pictures, jests, gossip, pages for Women and Children, best Racing and Football Forecasts, etc., etc. It has, in fact, as its title suggests, something to interest everybody in the home. There is no other paper like it.

FREE In order to convince you of the amazing value in the paper, we are prepared to send you a copy of **"EVERYBODY'S"** free and post paid if you send a postcard to **"EVERYBODY'S"** (Dept. J.B.), 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Write at once—or go out and buy a copy from your newsagent. It is only twopence. You can buy it everywhere.

Everybody's
THE POPULAR WEEKLY.
Everywhere. 36 PAGES 2d.

50 BIG BULLETS' XMAS HAMPERS
250 FAMOUS 'JOHN BULL' XMAS CAKES
Each Hamper contains: Plump Surrey Fowl, Pork Sausages, Christmas Pudding, Dundee Cake, Biscuits, Chocolates, Crackers, Muscatels and Almonds. 50 Cigarettes and Bottle of Fine Old Port.
Bazards, world-famed pastrycooks, make these splendid 12/6 Christmas Cakes. Five pounds of luscious ingredients, richly decorated with fondant icing.

XMAS PRIZES FOR 320 COMPETITORS

OVER 300 guests are invited this week to JOHN BULL's Christmas feast. Seventy Hampers overflowing with the finest of Christmas fare and 250 of the famous JOHN BULL Christmas Cakes, all to be despatched in good time for Christmas, are now awaiting you.

What could be simpler than making a *Bullet*? Just select one of the *Examples* given on this page and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. Added to the *Example* CONJUROR CUPID the words USUALLY HAS "LADY CONFEDERATE" complete a *Bullet*.

All entries must be received by Saturday, November 16.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION 734.

Mr. G. Hirst, 22, Garden Street, Darfield, nr. Barnsley.
Example:—SPEAK UP, MR. TAXPAYER
Bullet:—"GAS-BAGS" CAN'T FACE "STORM."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. M. WILLIAMS, 46, Adelphi Street, Preston.
Example:—Out Of It
Bullet:—Wouldn't Put Himself Out.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. CARR, 28, Brownlow Street, York.
Example:—Britain And America
Bullet:—Japan, France, Italy—"Nap!"

20 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

P. J. ANTHONY, 2, The Square, Rhiwbina.
From Nature's Book—"Taking Page" *Isn't* Destructive.

E. C. BEGLEY, 29, Clayton Crescent, Brentford.
Britain And America—Cutting "Claws"—And "Bills."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. E. BROTHERS, 29, Ivy Crescent, Chiswick.
Out Of It—Remember, "Outsiders" Do Win.

W. CALVER, 149, Felixstowe Road, Ipswich.
"Hurry Up!"—Guard Shouted—Passengers, Later.

H. COLSON, "Elmsdale," Main Street, Eastwood, Notts.
Speak Up, Mr. Taxpayer—They Might Pension *You!*

T. EARNSHAW, 71, Queen's Road, Peckham.
Perfect Model—For Perfect Weather, Airship.

T. GAHAGAN, 132, The Grove, Doncaster.
Prosperity And Adversity—"Revolution" Only "Turns Round."

J. G. GEORGE, Oakfield, Clynderwen, S. Wales.
Prosperity And Adversity—You Seek—Meets You.

B. J. HEATON, Getynos Avenue, Asgoed, Newport, Mon.
Flattery—Turns Wisdom's Head—Away.

Miss M. HOLT, 33, Hollingwood Road, Levenshulme.
In The World's Eyes—Rhine "Withdrawal" *Increases* "Credit."

W. E. McCAMBLEY, National Sanatorium, Benenden, Kent.
Meeting Again—Baldwin's Cabinet—In City!

H. MAYOR, 3, Stuart Road, Acton, W.
Britain And America—Establishing "*War's Grave* Commission."

A. E. RUTTER, Eden Cottage, Station Town, Wingate, Durham.
Speak Up, Mr. Taxpayer—Your *Silence*, Your Bond.

R. RYLAND, 8, Ryland Road, Birmingham.
Getting A Foothold—By Scorning Morning Yawning.

W. SCOWCROFT, 188, Greengate St., Oldham.
In The World's Eyes—World—Hence World's "Blindness."

Mrs. M. TODD, 8, Stonegate Walk, Meanwood, Leeds.
Britain And America—Pronounce "Peace" Alike, Anyway.

E. A. WATTS, 12, Leicester Road, Loughborough.
If She's Got Sense—Of Proportion, "Halves" Trouble.

W. C. WELLS, 16, Brighton Road, Crawley.
The Average Man—Does Exist—Just About!

Mrs. E. WHITE, 34, Upper Thomas Street, Merthyr Tydfil.
What's In A Name?—"Magic"—Publicity's The "Lantern."

C. E. WHITTINGHAM, 27a, Mary Ann Street, Dowlais, Glam.
From Nature's Book—Home Lessons Best Learned.

A list of 50 Luxury Gift winners will be published in "Bullets" Bulletin, a copy of which will be sent to all winners. A list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices. ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Advance details for "Bullets" No. 738. First Prize, £300—Second, £50—Third, £25—10 of £5 and a Hamper each—10 of £2 10s. and a Hamper each—50 "Bullets" Hampers—450 Plump Surrey Fowls—500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Britain's Mark—Before Now—Runaway Victory—The Shadow Cabinet—Whole-heartedly—Hum Of Machinery—Ignored—What Would She Say If—Trudging Round—Out Of The Wood—With A Caution—Wherever We Go—He's Either A Fool Or—Looks Small—Always Right—Not A Word—By Chance—Is Love Blind?—Dying—Leadership—Well-lined Pocket—Beginning To Think—Income-tax Collector—Miles Ahead—On Her Dignity—Bold As Brass—A Good Year—Sound Propaganda—Excuses—Walking The Plank—Fond Mamma—"Pay Up!"

(Closing Saturday, November 23)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 737.

HOT BUTTER	LONELINESS	GOING ON THE "TALKIES"
WHAT MATTERS TO-DAY	COYLY	RULES OF THE GAME
WHEN NEW	THE PUBLIC FORGETS	BRIDGING THE ATLANTIC
PITFALLS	NOT YET OVER	HE'S SO RICH THAT
THE OPPOSITION	SHOULD BE COMPULSORY	BELIEVE ME
SHE'S ONLY SEVENTEEN, BUT	A LONG WAY BEHIND	LIGHT OF HIS LIFE
ENTRANCED	TALKING ABOUT MARRIAGE	IF YOU CAN
MANIA FOR SPENDING	IRREPLEVABLE	BIRDS OF A FEATHER
CONJURER CUPID	HER HEART SANK WHEN	WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF
SO FAR	SHADOW OF THE SWORD	"MOVE ALONG, PLEASE!"
IN A GOOD CAUSE	PASSING	

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(737) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(737) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Bullets must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(73) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full names and address on each coupon.

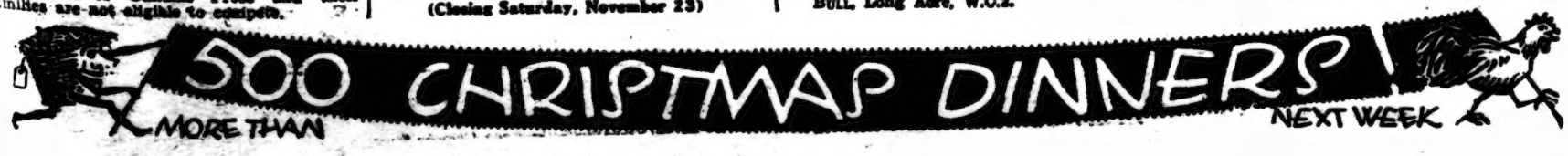
Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(737) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 737, "John Bull," Long Acre London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for 400 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 733 will be displayed at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstall, Lincoln, L.N.E.R.

Any reader can obtain a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL, brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.



C.A.V.

ALL POSITION NON-SPILLABLE

THE PERFECT BATTERY FOR ALL PORTABLES

Weight for weight and size for size, the C.A.V. Jelly Acid Battery has a better capacity and higher efficiency than other non-spillable types. The special construction of the container and the use of Jelly Acid allows it to be **placed and used in any position** without the risk of spilt acid. It is both the safest and best for your portable. Recommended in the constructional articles of the Wireless Press and standardised in many popular portable sets, the C.A.V. Jelly Acid Battery provides the most reliable and the safest non-spillable battery obtainable.

The new C.A.V. Radio Accumulator Catalogue and Battery Maintenance Handbook will be supplied free upon application.

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The NEW C.A.V. H.T. ACCUMULATOR.

Have you had details of our new range of high-tension accumulators? Supplied in 10-volt units or 30-volt groups of 2,500, 5,000 and 10,000 milliamp hour capacity, this entirely new and original H.T. is suitable for every class of receiver.

The NEW C.A.V. H.T ACCUMULATOR.

To those seeking a perfect source of H.T. current we recommend the new C.A.V. H.T. Accumulator. Absolutely silent in operation, handsome and compact, inexpensive in first cost and cheaply maintained.

The Original Jelly Acid Battery

12 for 6d

Actual Size

'PLUS TWO'

"Not a 'fag,' but a full-size cigarette"

13 PT

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

Graves 'Vulcan' 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Value and Efficiency

Even if you are only a beginner, this magnificent installation will enable you to start where others leave off; or if you are an experienced wireless operator, this superb set will give you a thrill of interest which you have never had before, and a sense of power and command over the mysterious forces of the ether which will positively astonish and fascinate you.

Do not let the low Bargain Price mislead you into thinking this a cheap production. Every component is of first-rate quality, and the whole production is worth many pounds more than the price we ask. The Graves principle stands for Highest Quality, Lowest Price, and Easiest Terms.

10/6 NOW

BRIEF SPECIFICATION The Cabinet is of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid so that all internal parts (including valves) are easily accessible. Dull Emitter Detector and Power Valves of proved efficiency, with anti-microphonic valve holders. No coils to change. Latest type H.T. Battery; efficient 2-volt Accumulator, and complete Aerial Outfit. Cost of upkeep is negligible. **The LOUD SPEAKER** (illustrated below) is of exclusive design Cabinet Type in Oak to match the Set. Finest tone and wide range of musical frequencies, the Unit being of the four pole balanced armature type, with a large magnet, ensuring perfect reproduction. **Price complete and Carriage Paid £7.17.6**

TERMS: Our inclusive Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 10/6 now, and 14 Monthly Payments of 10/6 if entirely after trying Outfit in your home. Money back if disappointed.

ANOTHER BARGAIN

THE GRAVES SCREENED GRID 3-VALVE SET

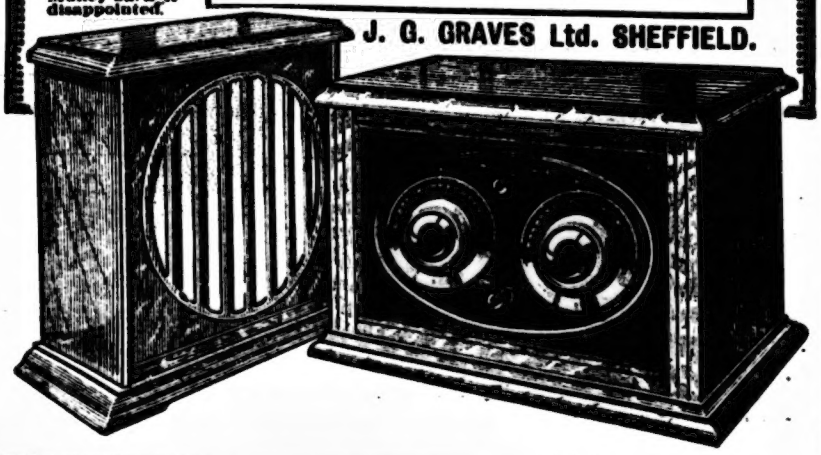
Complete in every particular. Wonderful range & amazingly good reception. Exclusive Oak Cabinet & Cabinet Loud Speaker, and all components of the highest quality. Carriage Paid **£12:15**

TERMS: 15- with Order, and 15- Monthly.

WRITE FOR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

Fullest Particulars and detailed specifications: also the newest types of dependable Portable Sets, and other varieties of high-class Receiving Apparatus.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



A TESTIFIED REMEDY for Stomach Disorders

A Guaranteed Safe Internal Antiseptic. Yadil, the natural remedy for stomach ailments, now obtainable in handy size at 1/3, in liquid form, also as the vest pocket tablets, "Yadilets"

A healthy condition of stomach is absolutely essential to physical and mental vigour. If your stomach is not doing its important work properly, the whole body loses tone, and vitality is dangerously lowered. Stomach disorders are cleansed away by the absolutely safe yet sure virtues of Yadil in which the essential oil of garlic, nature's finest antiseptic, plays so active a part.

Read the testimony of Doctors, Nurses and other highly responsible and intelligent people who have refused to be convinced except by personal experience. Read the booklet we send free, and then apply the same test for yourself—you, too, will be convinced by proof. Test the healing powers of YADIL, the guaranteed safe antiseptic remedy for all stomachic disorders.

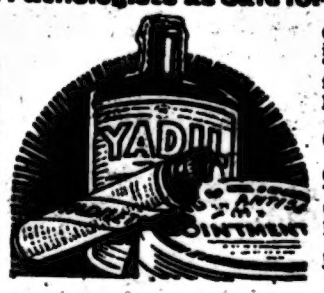
The use of Yadil steadily increases, because the public themselves have proved that Yadil does all that is claimed for it, in such widely varying conditions as: Rheumatism, Lung Troubles, Colds and Coughs, Nasal Catarrh, Indigestion, Constipation.

If you once test the merit of Yadil you will never be without it.

YADIL

The Antiseptic which is Certified by Public Analysts and Pathologists as Safe for Internal use

A free book: Everyone should have a copy of the "Yadil Book of Home Treatment." It is packed full of valuable hints on health and will save you many an unnecessary worry. It will be sent gratis and post free—write to-day.



Obtainable from all chemists including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc., at the following prices:—

LIQUID 1/3 YADILETS 1/3

(each sufficient for a full 3 days treatment.)

OINTMENT 1/3 per tin. There are larger sizes of all the above, and there are also the very soothing Antiseptic Yadil Pastilles at 1/- per tin, and fragrant Antiseptic Yadil Soap at 1/- per tablet.

Y.M.2b.

YADIL PRODUCTS (1928) LTD., 47, Sicilian House, Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1

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